Jean E. Starling

The FORVM

1930

The Forvm

Commencement Number

1930

TO OUR GRADUATES

Sunshine and roses,
  Class colors and song,
Congratulations,
  To you now belong.
Sometimes we envy
  Your triumphs and views,
And the high callings
Some of you will choose.
We wish you success!
  Work and keep grinning;
Graduation brings
  Life's real beginning!

—Annabeth M. Williams '31.

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FORVM STAFF

THE FORVM

PRO BONO SCHOLASTICO

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THE FORVM IS PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF LOCKPORT HIGH SCHOOL

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Braden Fitz-Gerald

Assistant Editor-in-Chief—Lewis LeValley

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Department	*Editor*	*Assistant*	*Faculty Adviser*
LITERARY	Gordon Stearns	Martha Kelley	Miss Kenney
NEWS	Fred Holder	Mildred Crosby	Miss Snyder
CLASS and CLUB	Paul Smith	Mary Hanigan	Miss Barron
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Assistant Business Manager—Carson Brooks

Faculty Adviser—Miss Helwig

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Adeline Bolton	Doris Richardson	Eugene Clifford
Herbert Halstead	Eveline Alix	Jane Gifford
Mildred Dohring	Marie Louise Few	Helen Hum

CLASS OF 1930

Officers

President ..... Adeleine Bolton
Vice-President ..... Kenneth Clark
Secretary ..... Nicholas Muller
Treasurer ..... Anna Katherine Wendel

Class Day Officers

Mistress of Ceremonies ..... Adeleine Bolton
Salutatory ..... Gordon Stearns
Class History ..... LaVerne Pechuman
Class Poem ..... Nellie Montroy
Class Prophecy ..... Fred Holder
Class Will ..... Dorothy Strong
Mantle Oration ..... Irving Clark
Response to Mantle Oration ..... William Dale
Valedictory ..... Donald Pasko
Presentation ..... Shanette Goggin, Roy Bass
Class Song ..... Loraine Sinclair
Class Yell ..... James Mulvey

Class Colors

Orchid and Green

Class Flower

Briarcliff Rose

Class Motto

"Aim high,
Win fairly."

Honor Students

FIRST HONOR

DONALD PASKO—*"Don"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To catch a fish and have it on the right end of the pole.

Junior Orchestra '27; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '30; L. H. S. Concert Orchestra '28; Senior Play Orchestra '28; Commencement Orchestra '28; Home Room Reporter '27, '29; Publicity Manager Aeronautical Club '28; "Station YYYY" '28; Junior Class '29; "Meet the Family" '29; Interclass Baseball Champions '29; Senior Class '30; Interclass Basketball '30; Intramural Basketball '30; Assistant Stage Manager "Suppressed Desires" '30; Senior Boy's Minstrel '30; L.H.S. Aviation Club '30; Scenery Manager Senior Play '30; Kamera Club '30; Inter-Home Room Track '30.

"Keep pluggin' "

SECOND HONOR

GORDON W. STEARNS—*"Gord"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—Arriver à l'heure une fois.

Junior '29; Senior Class '30; "Station YYYY," '28; Forum Staff '29, '30; Advertising Mgr. "Patsy" '30; Treas. of Senior Class First term '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30; "Sauce for the Goslings" '30; "Suppressed Desires" '30; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30.

C' est un impossible, Monsieur

THIRD HONOR

SHANETTE M. GOGGIN—*"Shan"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—to be sweet sixteen and——

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '27; Dramatic-Literary Club '29, '30; Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Dramatic Club Play '29, '30; Senior Play '30.

"If it were done when t'is done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly.

FOURTH HONOR

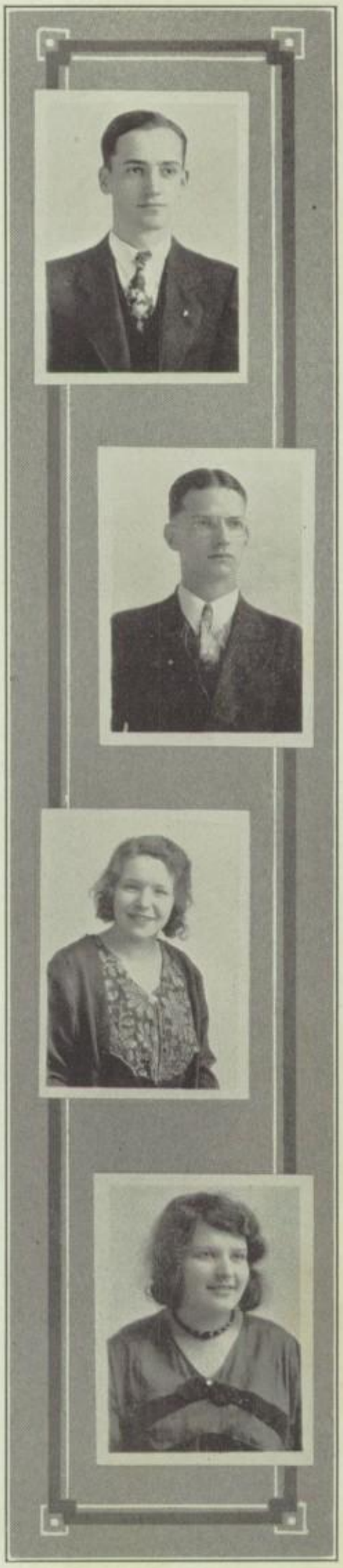
LORAINE MARION SINCLAIR—*"Slim"*

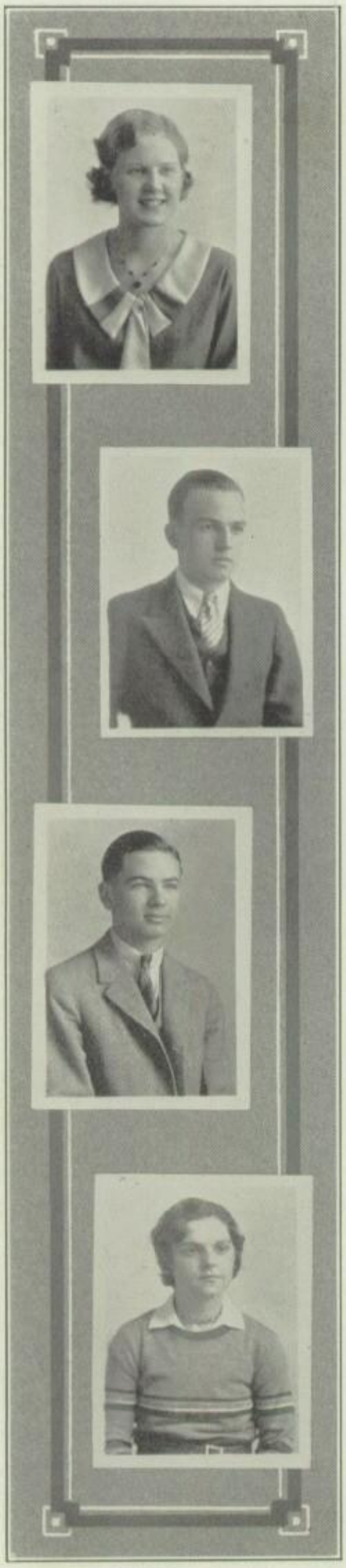
Course—Stenographic

Ambition—To be a "Perfect Thirty-six"

Home Room Forum Reporter '27 '28; Choral Club '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."





Class Officers

PRESIDENT

ADELEINE ELLEN BOLTON—*"Grace"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—I'll show him! I'll show him!

Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '30; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Dramatic-Literary Club '27, '28; Choral Club '27, '28; Art Club '28; Junior Class '29; Forum Staff '30; Girl Reserves '30; Senior Class '30; President Senior Class 1st and 2nd semester '30; Senior Play '30.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

VICE-PRESIDENT

KENNETH H. CLARK—*"Clarke"—"Ken"*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—To Hook my wagon to a star.

Freshman Literary Club; Sophomore Literary Club; Hi Y. '27; Interclass Baseball '26, '27; Interclass Basketball '27, '28; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '30; Aeronautical Club '29; Manager of Baseball '29; Athletic Council '29; Interclass Volley Ball '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel's '30; Vice President of Senior Class.

Beware of falling stars.

SECRETARY

NICHOLAS J. MULLER—*"Nick"*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—Mo—lasses? Awah! Awah!

Band '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Glee Club '26, '27, '28, '30; Mixed Chorus '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, Aeronautical Club '27, '28; Kamera Klub '28; Aviation Club—President '30; Track '29; "Loves Triumph" '29; "Minstrel Show" '30; Debating Team '30; Senior Play '30; Senior Class '30; Secretary '30.

Believe it or not!!

TREASURER

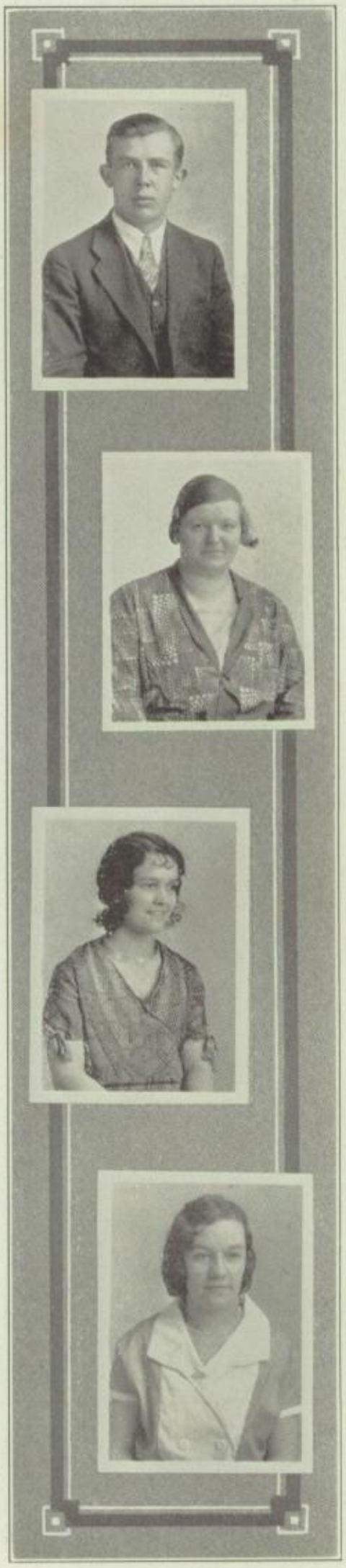
ANNA KATHERINE WENDEL—*"Patsy."*

Course—Academic.

Ambition—"Huh!!"

Daisy Girl, '28; Junior Class, '29; Senior Class, '30; Senior Play, '30.

"Gee, we wish we could say clever things like that, Patsy!"



ARTHUR M. ABRAMS—*"Art"*

Course—Bookkeeping

Ambition—To Break speed limits with a "Model T" Ford

Interclass Volley Ball '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29, Senior Class '30; Hi-Y '30.

How we envy those who become wise without experience

FLORENCE MILDRED AIKIN

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To take the life of that fellow who started the idea of geometry

Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29.

Prosperity may spoil me,
And my troubles all enhance;
But Lord send it down once,
I think I'll take the chance!

GRACE G. ANSON—*"Goodness Gracious Gracie"*

Course—General

Ambition—To rival Helen Kane

Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '30; Operetta '29; Chicago Nat'l Chorus '28; Prize Quartet '28; Senior Class '30; Mixed Chorus '30; Junior Class '29.

If I were a poet,
This song would I sing;
Tho' my head be as the winter,
Let my heart be as the spring!

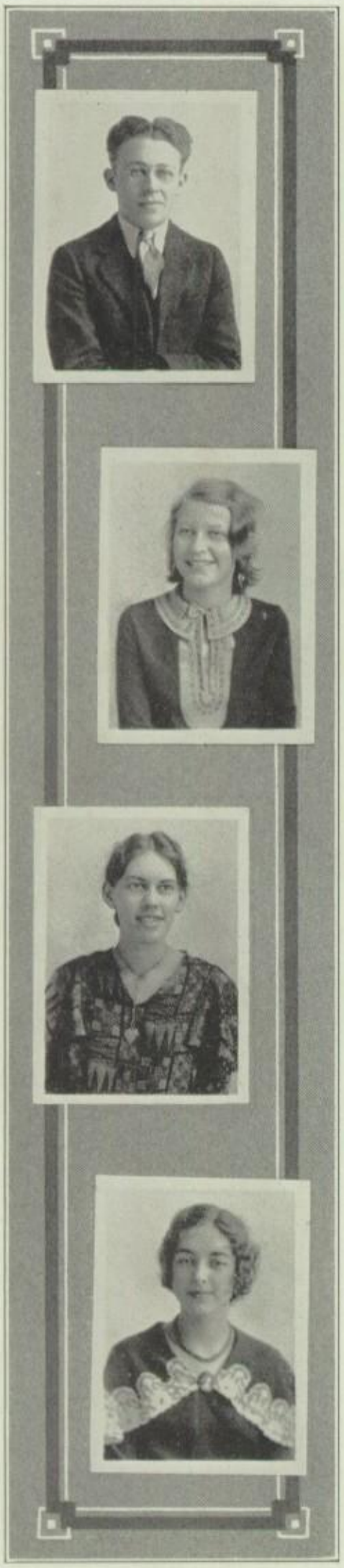
M. IRENE BARTHOLOMEW—*"Rene"*

Course—General

Ambition—To Rival Helen Wills

Member Junior Class '29; Member Senior Class '30; Interclass Baseball '30.

If the world must end—Let it end with the grand gesture



ROY A. BASS—*"Professor"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To work in a butcher shop and handle "chickens"

Literary Club '26; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28; Junior Class '28, '29; Senior Class '29, '30; Senior Play '30; Senior Minstrel Play '30; Presentation.

"Handle with Care" and remember, "This Side Up."

NORMA BLAKE—*"Nibbs"*

Ambition—Professional gold-digger

Course—College Entrance Science

Freshman Literary Club '27, Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '28, '29; Art Club '28, '29; Choral Club '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

A gold-digger is a flapper, who has lost her amateur status

MYRNA M. BLAKE

Course—General

Ambition—To avoid that future shadow.

Art Club '28, '29, '30; Forum Staff '29, '30; Girl Reserves '29, '30; Vice President of Girl Reserves '30; Pianist for Mixed Glee Club '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Some people want all the "lucky" breaks.

ANNA MARGARET CALLAHAN—*"Ann"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—"Every four out of five have it."

Literary Club '27, '28; Interclass Basketball '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Junior play in assembly '29; Girl Reserves '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Be a friend to thyself, and others will be so too!

DOUGLAS M. CAMERON—*"Doug"*

Course—Commercial Bookkeeping.

Ambition—Break my nose so I'll he handsome.

Freshman Literary Club '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

" 'Handsome' is as 'handsome' does" so don't make a 'break',—Doug."

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL, Jr.—*"Izzy"*

Course—College Arts

Ambition—To be a piece of soap in Joan Crawford's tub.

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '30; Dramatic Literary Club '30; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Sports and news journalist '29, '30; Baseball '28; Miss Pierce's Ministrel '30.

And you're the guy that chirped "Ivory formed!"

FREDERICK H. CHORMANN—"Fred"

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—To ride a motorcycle that runs.

Hi Y '26, '27, '28, '29 '30; Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Art Club '29.

"Police, Freddie, please don't do that!"

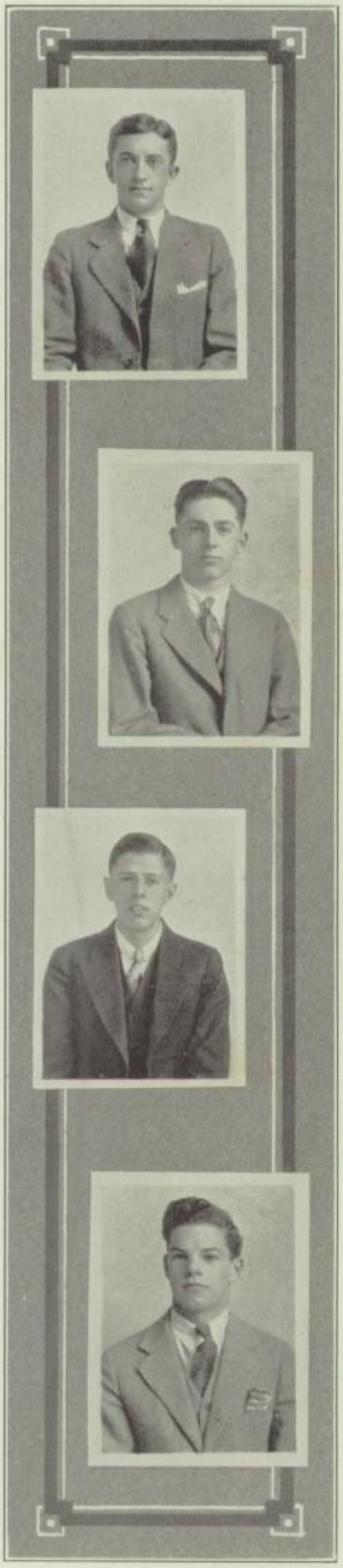
IRVING F. CLARK—*"Dark," "Lem," "Ig." "Tony"*

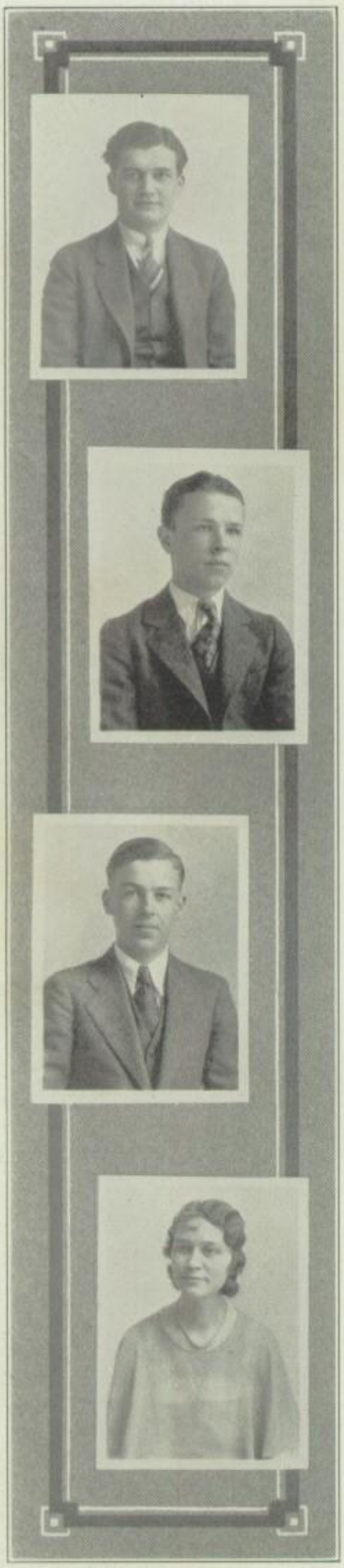
Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—Who cares anyhow?

Band '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Orchestra '26, '28, '29, '30; Junior Band '25, '26, '27; Junior Orchestra '25, '26; Senior Play '30; Track '29, '30; Interclass Track '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '27, '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show '30; Aeronautical Club '28; Mantle Oration.

"All the world loves a lover."





FRANCIS J. CLIFFORD—*"Chance", "Doc", "Fran."*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show '30; Interclass Basketball '27, '30; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '27; Forvm Staff '29, '30; Football '29; Aeronautical Club '27.

A pun—Well done—Is legitimate fun

ROBERT M. COMSTOCK—*"Swisher"*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—You're tellin' me somethin?

Track '27; Junior Class '28, '29; Senior Class '30; Minstrel Show '30; Freshman Literary Club '26; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '28, '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '29, '30.

A glass is good, and a lass is good, and a pipe is good in cold weather;
The world is good and the people are good, and we're all good people together.

HAROLD HENRY CONLIN—*"Toots"*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—What is the "propolition"?

Band '27, '28, '29, '30; Orchestra '27, '28, '29, '30; Mixed Chorus Orchestra '27; Senior Play Orchestra '29, '30; Faculty Play Orchestra '28, '29; Brass Quartette '27, '30; Commencement Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Concert Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Brass Sextette '30; Operetta Orchestra '29, '30; Senior Class '30; Brass Quintette '28.

Oh, sho, sho, I agrees wid ya thair.

HELEN A. CONRAD—*"Connie"*

Ambition—It's a fearful "sitchyachun."

Course—Stenographic

Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Orchestra '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Check—and double-check!"

ANGELA DALEY—*"Ange"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To have a heart of sunshine and a soul of song.

Orchestra '27, '28, '29, '30; President of Freshman Literary Club; Choral Club '29, '30; Operetta '29, '30; Daisy Girl '28; Vice President of Junior Class '29; Property Committee, Senior Play '29; Junior Orchestra '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Give the world your best,
And the best will come back to you.

DOROTHY MAE DANLEY—*"Dot"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—"Ize regusted"

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

What was, has been,
What is,—was,
What will be, is.

GEORGE LEETE DAY

Course C. E. Arts and Sciences.

Ambition—To spellbind an audience consisting of Miss Snyder, Miss Lynd (formerly of the faculty) Miss Seagel and Miss Burt. Subject: "How to speak effectively."

Glee Club '28, '29, '30; Hi-Y '28; Non-Res. Hi-Y '30; Dramatic Club '29, '30; Debating Team '29, '30 (?); Author "Love's Triumph" and actor 1929; "Duplicate" in "Pierce's H. R. Minstrels" 1930; "Togo" in Operetta '30; Prop. Mgr., "The Charm School" '30; "The dead man on the stretcher" in "In the next room," faculty play for 1929; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

A happy 'day' it will be then, as we take it.

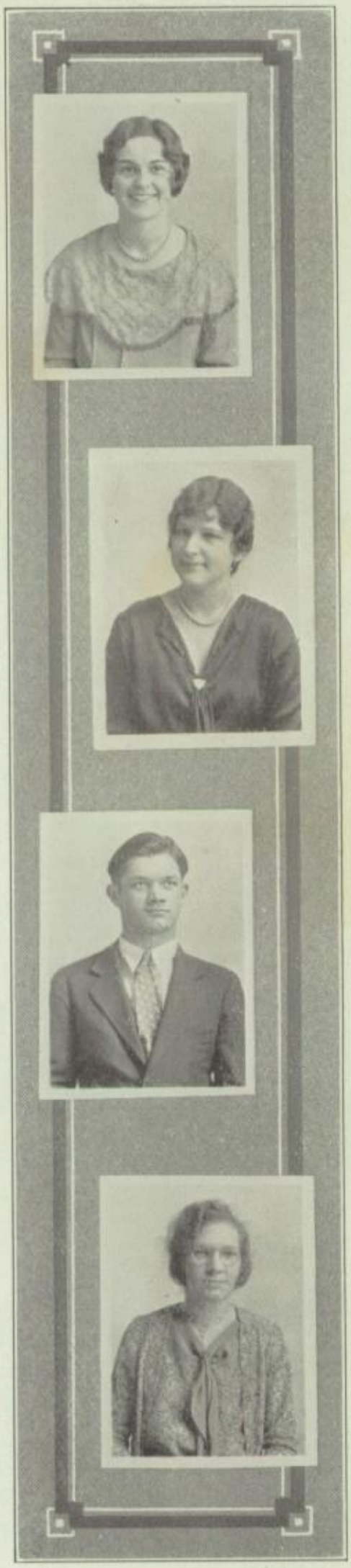
JEAN M. DICKIE

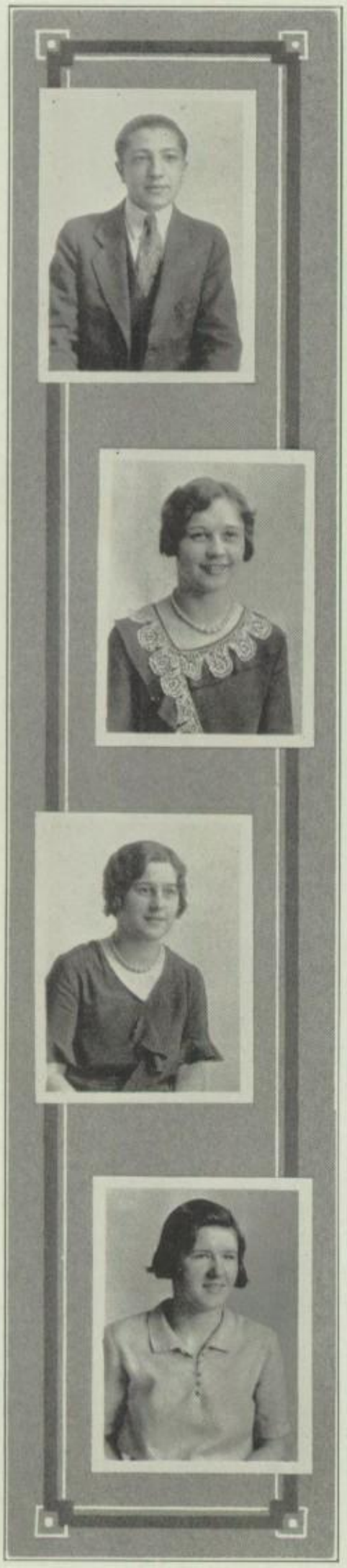
Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To live in love with laughter.

Junior Orchestra '27; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29, '30; Choral Club '27, '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Commencement Orchestra '29; Concert Orchestra '29 '30.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.





ANTHONY JOSEPH DI FRANZA—*"Ant"*

Course—Bookkeeping

Ambition—To do something right the first time.

Interclass Basketball '28; Interclass Basketball '29; Junior Class; Senior Class.

Correct, "Ant."

IRENE ELIZABETH DOHRING—*"Rene"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To be a musician, because a musician's work is all play.

Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Whose work is play—Should e'er be gay.

MILDRED L. DOHRING—*"Mil"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—"To wind my watch of wits and hear it strike."

Freshman Club '25; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '25, 26, 27; Choral Club '28, '29, '30; Forum Staff '29, '30; Operetta '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

LORAINE A. DREW

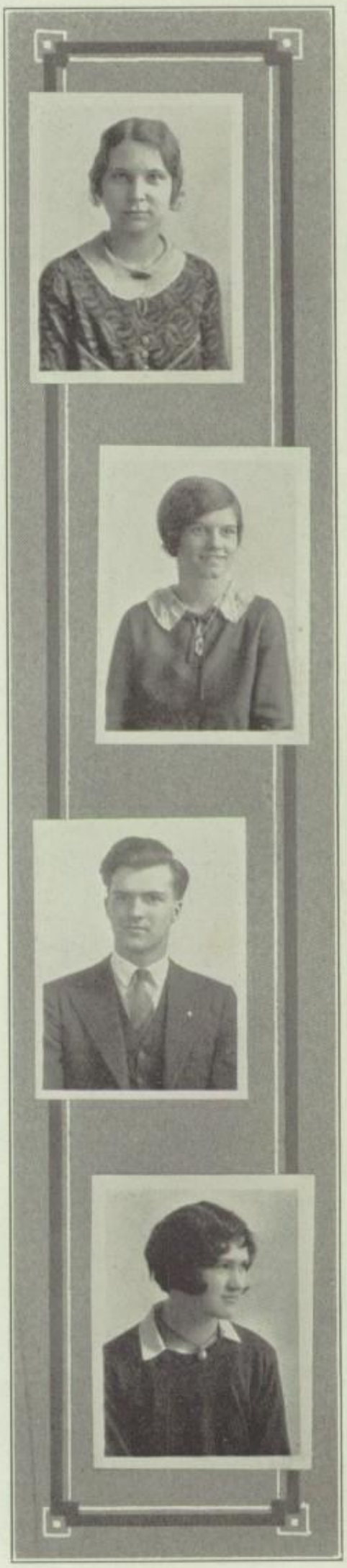
Rusty, Red, Cinnamon, Brick-top, etc. Take your choice.

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To bury myself in a book and let the rest of the world go by.

Freshman '27; Interclass Basketball '27; Choral Club '27; Interclass Baseball '27; Sophomore '28; Interclass Basketball '28; Choral Club '28; Junior '29, Interclass Basketball '29, Choral Club '29; Senior '30; Interclass Basketball '30.

As we cut and then file—as we carve and then polish—
so should we cultivate ourselves.



ISADORE DRIER—*"Izzy"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To dive from the Statue of Liberty

Freshman Literary Club '27; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Interclass Track '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"A laugh and a smile make life worthwhile."

DOROTHY M. DRUCE—*"Dot"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—To Say the Right Thing at the Right Time.

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

A good name is better than bags of gold.

LYNDON W. EATON—*"Tarzan," "Squirrel"*

Course—Academic.

Ambition—To be a garbage collector in Scotland.

Band '28; Assembly Orchestra '28; "L. H. S. Serenaders" '27, '28; Hi-Y '27, '28, '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Basketball Reserves '28, '29; Interclass Baseball '28, '29, '30; Inter-homeroom Track '30; Senior Class '30.

"What! A man of your strength?"

MARY JOSEPHINE FALLON—*"Jo"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—It crashed with the market accomplishments.

Senior Orchestra '27, '28, '29, '30; Senior Play Orchestra '29; Choral Club '28, '29, 30; Mixed Chorus '30; Operetta '29, 30; Concert Orchestra '29; Girl Reserves '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

MARIE LOUISE FEW

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—With eager heart and will on fire,
To fight and win my great desire.

Forum Staff '29, '30; Junior Class, Treasurer '29; Daisy Girl '29; Girl Reserves, Secretary '30; Senior Class '30; Interclass Basketball '29, 30.

Who is he? Huh?

DORIS K. FITZGERALD—*"Dorrie"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—To do unto others before others do unto me.

Interclass Basketball '27; Interclass Baseball '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Who would do 'fore 'tis done—Oft gets a—rare—treat.

EVA M. FRITTON—*"Eve"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—To be as popular as the "Stein Song."

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

But Eve, the "Stein Song" took *twenty-five years* to become popular!

FREDERICK EDWIN FRITTON—*"Fritz" "Horse" "Size."*

Course—Academic.

Ambition—I care not.

Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel '30; Dramatic-Literary Club '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '28; Freshman Literary Club '26, '27.

Oh wad some power the gift e gie us;
To see ourself as ithers see us.

SAMUEL CHARLES GERVAISE—*Just Sammy*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—To murder the founder of plane Geometry.

Band '26, '30; Orchestra '26, '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show 1930.

Plane murder—eh?

EVELYN E. GLASSNER—*"Eve"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To be a boop boop a doop singer.

Literary Club '25, '26; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27; Girl Reserves '26; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Hel—en Cain take us!

JOHN W. GODFREY—"Johnny"

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—A villian I would be

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Symphony Orchestra '29; Glee Club '29, '30; Mixed Chorus '29, '30; Operetta '29, '30; Concert Orchestra '29; Male Quartette '30; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '30.

Mercy, Claude, save me!

LOIE GOODNICK

College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To ride on the Graf Zeppelin

Interclass Basketball '27, 28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, 29; Junior Class '29; Choral Club '30; Senior Club '30.

Good "Graf," what next?

OSCAR W. GRAY, Jr.—*"Oh-Gee"*

Course—General

Ambition—To pay an income tax equal to John Barrymore's

Orchestra '26, '27, '28; Glee Club '29, '30.

When sun's last rays are fading
Into twilight soft and dim—?

EARL A. GREENMAN—*"A-del"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—To-Have-A-Heart-As-Big-As-My-Feet

Interclass Football '26; Interclass Basketball '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '26, '27; Varsity Football '27, '28, '29; Varsity Basketball '28, '29, '30; All R. P. O. League 2nd Team '30; Varsity Baseball '27, '28, '30; Varsity Track '30; "L" Club '28, '29; Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Hi-Y '25; Hi-Y '26, '27, '28,; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '30.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain and hollow.
Ah! Let not hope prevail,
Lest disappointment fail.

RUTH C. GROFF—*"Rufus"*

Course—Academic

Ambition—The Sky's the Limit.

Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, 28, 29, '30; Interclass Volley Ball '28; Aeronautical Club '28; Girl Reserves '28, '29, '30; Art Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Take the goods the gods provide thee and play the game with all thy might.

ROY S. HAUSAUER—*"Hoss"*

Course—College Science

Ambition—To replace Cornelius McGilicudy at Helm.

Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Literary Club '25, '26; Hi-Y '28, 29, '30; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '25, '26, '28, '29; Mgr. Miss Pierce's Baseball '30; Ass't. Mgr. Football '27, Mgr. '28, Sporting Journalist '27, '28, '29; L Club '28; '29, '30; Secretary L Club '29, '30; Official Baseball scorer '29, '30; Offical Basketball timer '29, '30; Why the Chimes Rang '28; Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.

HERBERT A. HALSTEAD—*"Herb"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—To be a mind reader

Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Volly ball '30; Art Club '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Forvm Staff '30; Aviation Club '29.

Colossal conceit, we call it.

JOHN WILLIAM HAWKES
"Harv." "Jack," "Hawker."

Course—College Arts

Ambition—To neck a Bunny.

Almagated Order of Bunny's Boy Friends '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Band '28, '29, '30; Basketball Reserves '30; Debating Team '30; Dramatic Club '29, '30; Football Reserves '29; Glee Club '28; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '28, '30; Interclass Basketball '28, '29, '30; Literary Club '26, '27; Mgr. Tennis Team '28.

"Whats' 'e like, Jack Hawkes?"
"Now what the divil would I care,"
"'E's the livin breathin' image of an organ grinders monkey,
With a pound of grease in 'is 'air—
God—Bless—'im.
With a pound of grease in 'is 'air."

BURNICE R. HILL—*"Bee"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—Should I reveal.

Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28; Junior Orchestra '26; Senior Orchestra '27, '28, '29; Senior Play Orchestra '27; Fredonia Contest '29; Senior Class '30.

"Have a little faith in me."

FRED C. HOLDER—*"F-red"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—Que veut dire?

Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26, '27; Special Orchestra '27, '28; String Quartette '27, '28; Winner, slogan contest '27; "Belle of Barcelona" orchestra, '29; Senior Play Orchestra '29; "Miss Cherryblossom" Orchestra '30; Commencement Orchestra '29; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29, '30; Concert Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Stage manager, electrician of "Suppressed Desire" '30; Assembly Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Minstrel Soloist, Orchestra '30; Stage Manager, electrician of "The Patsy" '30; Forum Staff '29; News Editor, Secretary '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class, Secretary first semester '30. Class Prophecy.

Rien, peutêtre, moniseur.

WILLIAM JAMES HOPE—*"Bill"*

Course—College Science

Ambition—To become a good tennis player

Camera Club '26, Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Tennis '28; Aviation Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30; Intra-Mural Basketball '30; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Inter-Homeroom Track '30.

The constant drip of water wears away the hardest stone.

JANE VALETTE HUTCHENS

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—Can't find it!

Choral Club '27, '28; Dramatic Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Art Club '28; Girl Reserves '27, '28; Literary Club '26.

Oh, The joy of being able to do
What you want to do
When you want to do it
As you want to do it
That's the honky—tonk life!

NORMAN BASIL JEROME—*"Parson"*

Course—General

Ambition—To grow longer whiskers

Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Literary Club '25, '26; Glee Club '28, '29; L. Club '28, '29, '30; Treasurer '30; Representative for L. H. S. Caps '29; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; President Non Residents Hi-Y '30; Announcer and End Man in Miss Pierce's Minstrel show; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Football '30; Penn Relays '28, '29; Tract '28, '29, '30; Captain '30.

Try some 'Wildroot,' Parson.

MARK KENNEY—*"Just Mark"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—"She comes about to my shoulders"

Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '28, 30; Varsity Football '29; Football reserve '28.

Calf love, half love, old love, cold love.

GRACE M. KENYON—*"Gay"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To eat and reduce

Art Club '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Why reduce? The United States and Great Britian won't.

BERTA J. KINZLY—*"Bert"*

Course—College Entrance Science.

Ambition—To be as sarcastic as "Bucky" and get away with it.

Choral Club '27, '28, '29, '30; Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Dramatic Club '29, '30; Girl Reserves '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Concert Orchestra '30; Mixed Glee Club '30; Senior Class '30.

He that has patience may compass anything.

OLIVE AGNES KLEIN—*"Just Olive"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To be "OK" like my initials.

Band '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Junior Orchestra '26; Choral Club '26, '27, '29; Operetta '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Literary Club '26, '27; Girl Reserves '26, '27.

To be O. K. is almost as hard as to be O. A. K.

FREDERICK KNATLER—*"Freddy"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To spill a bucket of water on Rudy Vallee's head.

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Symphony Orchestra '28, '29, '30; Junior Orchestra '27; Hi-Y '30.

Every why hath a wherefore, Freddy!

MARY E. LAMBERT

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—Why bring that up?

Sophomore Play "Station Y.Y.Y.Y.," '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

The more data, the better.

CATHERINE H. LONG—*"K"*

Ambition—To be S. S. and G.

Course—College Entrance Arts

Choral Club '28; Meet the Family '29; Junior Class '29; Girl Reserves '30; "Sauce for the Goslings" '30; Senior Class '30.

We don't know what it is "K," but we wish you luck!

ELSIE C. LOTZ—*"Oddie"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—Wait until he comes along.

Choral Club '29; Junior Class '29; Choral Cub '30; Senior Club '30.

"The World is His who has patience."

ANNA MARIE LUBS—*"Ann"*

Course—Commercial for Bookkeepers

Ambition—Never heard of it.

Sophomore Literary Club '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

One who can certainly "C" History.

FRANCIS L. MADDEN—*"Fritz"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To myself make ee'n worthier of You

Glee Club '28, '29; Varsity Football '26, '27; Captain '28, '29; Reserve Basketball '26; Varsity '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Interclass Basketball '26, '27; "L" Club '27; Secretary '28, '29; Secretary Junior Class '29; Glee Club '27, '28, 29; Aeronautical Club '27; Author, Master of Ceremonies of Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30; Freshman Literary Club '26; Head Usher Senior Play '30; Belle of Barcelona '28; Interclass track '30; Winner, Elks Flag Essay Contest '28, '29.

Oh! where can it be that we've seen,
The two together, Fritz and Jeanne?

WALTER MASLOWSKI—*"Mose"*

Course—Manual Arts

Ambition—The more I think of it, the less I think of it.

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Track '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '29, '30; Aeronautical Club '28; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show '30; Interclass Track '29, '30.

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and never reminds us of others!

FORREST J. W. MAXWELL—*"Max"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To Swim the Ocean in a Seaplane

Literary Club '26; Interclass Baseball '26; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '29, '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Play 1930.

Bon voyage!

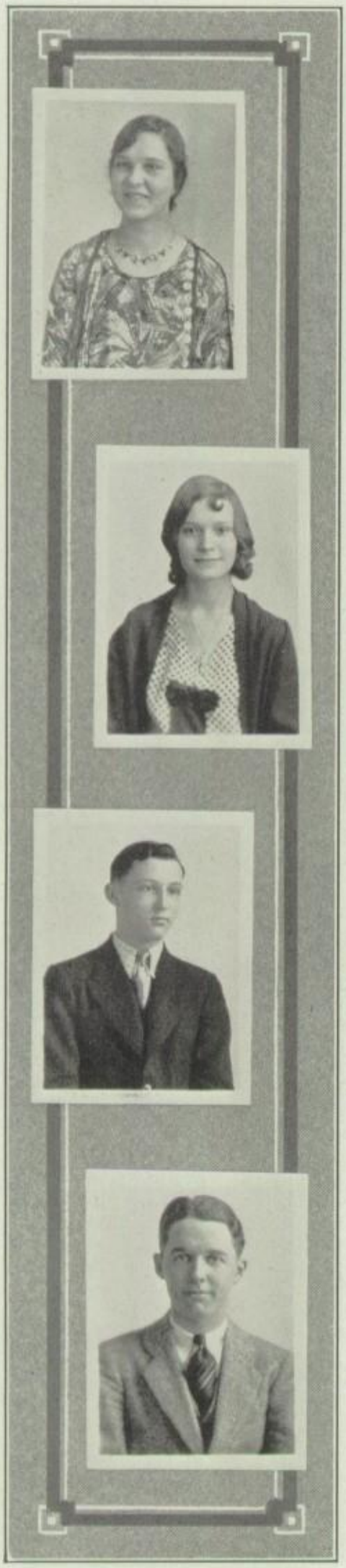
DOUGLAS H. McARTHUR—*"Doug"*

Course—General

Ambition—A rambling wreck from Georgia Tech. and a Helluva'n Engineer

Kamara Klub—'26, '27; Forum Staff '26, '27, '28, '29; Architectural Club '27, '28; "Love's Triumph" '29; "Minstrel" '30; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29.

"If you don't like brown eyed beautiful gals, stay outa the South!"



HERTA M. MEIER

Course—Homemaking

Ambition—"To have and to hold."

Choral Club '27, '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Let your hook be always cast;
Where you least dream,
There'll be fish in the stream."

NELLIE. H. MONTROY—*"Nelly"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—Aw! Go on. Guess again.

Band '27; Choral Club '27; Interclass Basketball '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Poets are sure to rise above the common lore."

CHARLES H. MOORE—*"Charlie"*

Course—Academic

Ambition—To be as great a stage lover as John Gilbert?

Band '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Symphony Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Glee Club '28, '29, '30, Operetta '29, '30, Senior Play '30, Commencement Orchestra '26, '28; Hi-Y '29, '30; Junior Hi-Y '27; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Freshman Sophomore Literary Society '26, '27; Aeronautical Club '27; Mixed Chorus '27, '28; Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30, Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30, Senior Play Orchestra '26, '27, '28.

One should be careful where and when he stages love.

JAMES W. MULVEY—*"Jimmy"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—"Contract for the Contractor's Daughter."

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Hi-Y '28, '29; Track '27; Ass't. Mgr. Track '28; Track Mgr. '29; "Love's Triumph" '29; Sec'y of Art Club '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

That's a heavy contract, Jimmy.

J. ARTHUR NEWELL—*"Art"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—"She Rose to my Horizon."

Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Baseball Reserves '29; Interclass Basketball '28, '29; Sophomore Literary Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"I'm a dreamer, aren't we all?"

JOHN F. NILAND—*"Clem"*

Course—Academic

Ambition—To go to the Races

Literary Club '26; Junior Hi-Y '25; Hi-Y '26, '27, '28, '29, Interclass Basketball '26, '27; Interclass Baseball '26, '27; Basketball Reserves '28; Varsity Basketball '29, '30; Varsity Baseball '28, '29, 30; Athletic Council '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30;

"Turn on the Heat."

M. LUCILLE NOBLE

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—What!! In this weather.

Freshman-Sophomore Literary Club '26; Interclass Basketball '26; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Whether or not, that's the question."

JAMES O'GRADY—*"Jim"*

Course—Commercial

Ambtion—Mayor of Olcott

Hi-Y '29, '30; Treasurer '30; Interclass Basketball '29, '30; Mgr. Baseball '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Dramatic-Literary Club '29; Interclass Baseball '28; Aeronautical Club '27; Junior Play '29; Acting Mgr. Baseball '29; Athletic Council '30.

You Mayor may not. It's up to you.

HOWARD C. OLDS—*"Howie"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—To write a history of Mars.

Interclass Basketball '28, '30; Interclass Volley Ball '28; Interclass Baseball '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Forum Staff '29; Business Mgr. Forum Staff '30; Pierce Minstrel Show '30; Property Mgr. of Junior Play '29; Hi-Y '30

Exactly. But "Howie" gonna do it.

VERNON C. PARR—*"Vern"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To be a second Eienstein

Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Junior Orchestra '25, '26, '27; Symphony Orchestra '26, '27.

"Eien stien"?

VIRGINIA M. PARR—*"Gin"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To see an Elephants' Nest in a Rhubarb Tree

Interclass Basketball '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Art Club '28; Choral Club '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Nesty," ve calls it, "nesty."

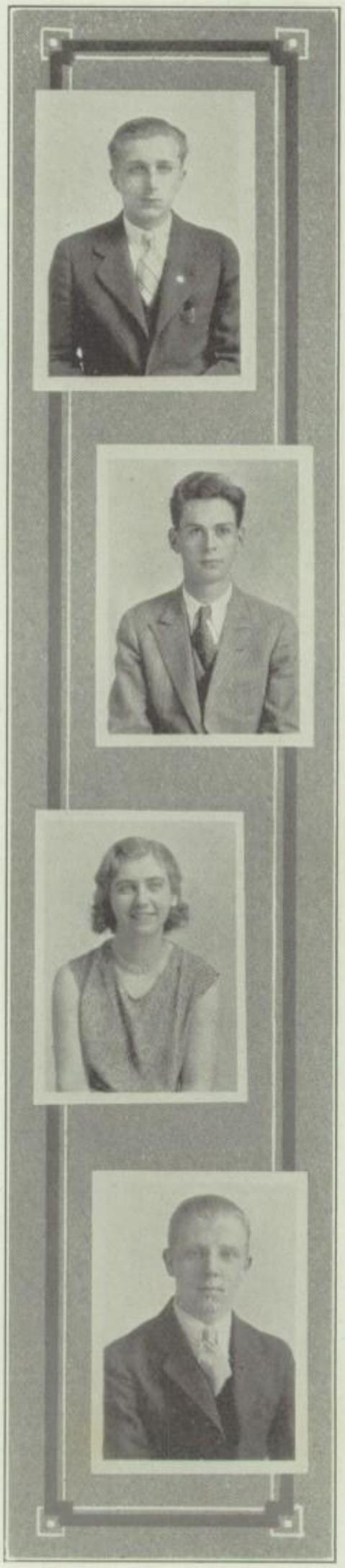
DORIS M. PEASE—*"Dorie"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To get in early enough to meet the milkman

Art Club '28, '29; Basketball '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"It all depends on you, Doris!"



LAVERNE L. PECHUMAN

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To go fishing with Hoover

Freshman Literary Club '27; Aeronautical Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Always "Hoovering" around streams

EDWARD S. PETERS—*"Dink"*

Course—General

Ambition—To ride in Amos 'n Andy's taxicab

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Forvm Staff '30; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show.

"Two-bits please, suh!"

MARGARET PHILLIPS—*"Liny"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To be able to talk to 3 people at the same time

Choral Club '27, '28, '29, '30; Operetta '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Mixed Glee Club '30.

Shades of Caesar!

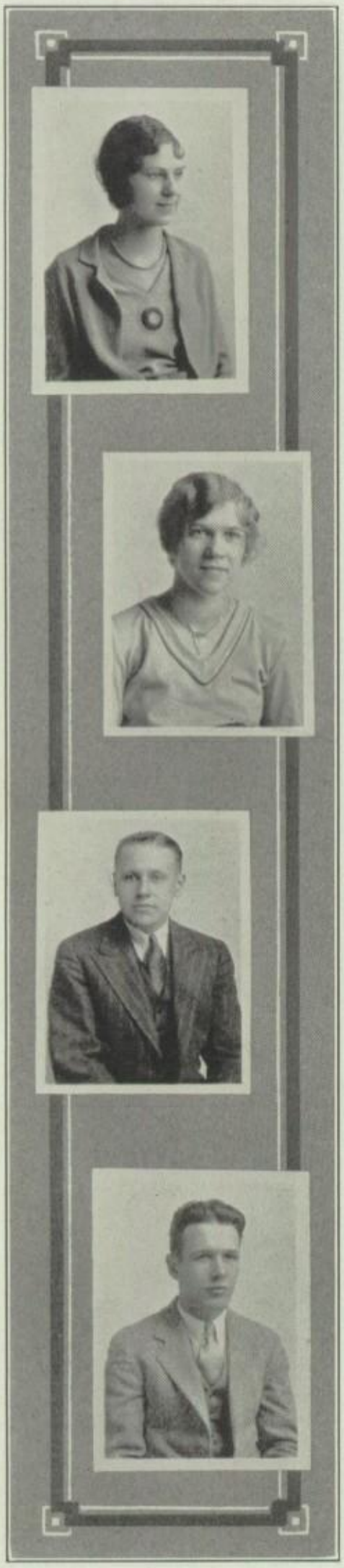
HUBERT D. POLLOCK—*"Huby"*

Course—Commercial Business

Ambition—To own a Ford with a good pickup (?)

Senior Class '29, '30; Hi-Y '29; Forum '29, '30; Art Club '29, '30.

And a baseball bat to "knock them off" with?



GENEVEIVE A. PUGH—*"Gen"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To dance the dance of life and not grow weary
Basketball '27, '28; Choral Club '27, '28; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much.

RUTH ALICE RETALLACK—*"Ruthie"*

Course—General

Ambition—Oh, dear! Why bother?

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Art Club '28, '29, '30.

R A Rin' to go?

DONALD A. RICHARDSON—*"Dick"*

Course—Manual Arts

Ambition—To sing Lehigh Bubbles in part, with Clem Niland

Art Club '28, Pres. '29, '30; Junior Class Senior Class.

Poor Clem.

JOHN E. RITZENTHALER—*"Johnny"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To invent a handle for footballs

Freshman-Sophomore Literary, Treasurer '25, '26; Varsity Basketball '28, '29' '30; Varsity Football '28, '29; "L" Club, President '29, '30; Athletic Council '30; Track '27; Senior Class '30; Forum Staff '27, '28' '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, 28; Assistant Football Manager '27; Reserve Basketball '26, '27; Interclass Basketball '25, '26, '29, '30; Inter Class Track '29, '30; Class Yell:—

Mor-rell:—don't give up the ship.

WILLIAM JAMES ROBINSON

"Heavy," "Skeets," "Skink"

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To turn a corner in the middle of the block

Band '27, '28, '29, '30; Orchestra '27, '28; Senior Play '30; Junior Band '25, '26; Junior Orchestra '25, '26; Track '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel '30.

What's in a name?
That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

MARGARET ROBISON—*"Marnie"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—To grow at least one inch

Basketball '26, '27, '28; Dramatic Club '27, '28, '29, '30; Sophomore Play, Station Y.Y.Y., "Fingerprints", '29; Dramatic Play "The Charm School", '30; Choral Club, '26, '27, '28, '29.

All good things come in small packages.

CLARENCE O. ROESELER—*"Ross"*

Course—General

Ambition—I's Regusted

Aeronautical Club '27; Hi-Y '28, '29; Dramatic Literary Club '29; Track '29; Miss Pierce's Minstrel '30; Junior '28; Senior Class '29.

Sleep!—the innocent sleeps; sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.

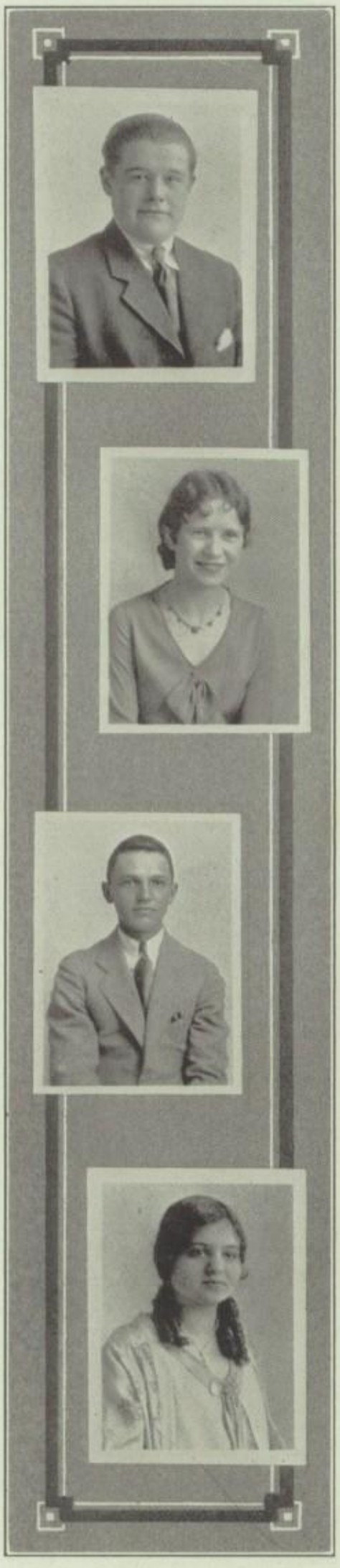
MARY HELEN SCAPELLITE—*"Me"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To grow tall.

Choral Club '26; Interclass Baseball '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Beware "Me" for "Exceeding tall men had ever empty heads."



MARY S. SHAEFFER—*"Sy"*

Course—General

Ambition—Who cares about that!

Interclass Baseball '27; Choral Club '28, '29; Operetta '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Mixed Chorus '30.

All right then, we won't.

THELMA L. SHARDON

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To surpass my shadow in height.

Choral Club '27, '28, '29, '30; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; English IV Play '30.

Low moons cast long shadows.

ELIZABETH COATES SHEARSTON—*"Biz"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—It's never been done before!

Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Freshman and Sophomore Literary Club '27; Girl Reserves '27, '28, '29, 30; Vice President '29; Forum Staff '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Suppressed Desires '30; Senior Class '30.

All hail! The Titian Blonde.

DOROTHY MARION SHERRICK—*"Cherie"*

Course—Secretarial

Ambition—To follow my "flame." Moses did! So why can't I?

Mask and Wig Dramatic Club '28; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Pillar of 'flame'"—by nite?

IRENE M. SHIMER—*"Rene"*

Course—Stenographic

Ambition—Im full of it.

Interclass Basketball '26, '29; Freshman-Sophomore Literary Society '26; Choral Club '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Aeronautical Club '28; First National High School Chorus '28; Mixed Quartette '28; Belle of Barcelona '29; Miss Cherryblossom '30; Mixed Glee Club '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing our senses with charmed melody.

KARL W. SIPSON—*"Adric," "Sipe," "Samp"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To direct Red Nichols

Band '26, '27, '28, '29; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Junior Band '26, '27; Track '29; Interclass Track '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Glee Club '29, '30; "Station YYYY" '27; "Why the Chimes Rang" '28; Fresh-Soph. Literary Club '26, '27; Debate Team '30; "Miss Pierce's Minstrel."

Get hot or let go of that baton.

JOSEPH A. SIRACUSA—*"Uncle Joe"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—Rest, and lots of timc to do it in

Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Interclass Baseball '27, '28, '29; Varsity Basketball '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Oh Sleep, thou art a blessed thing

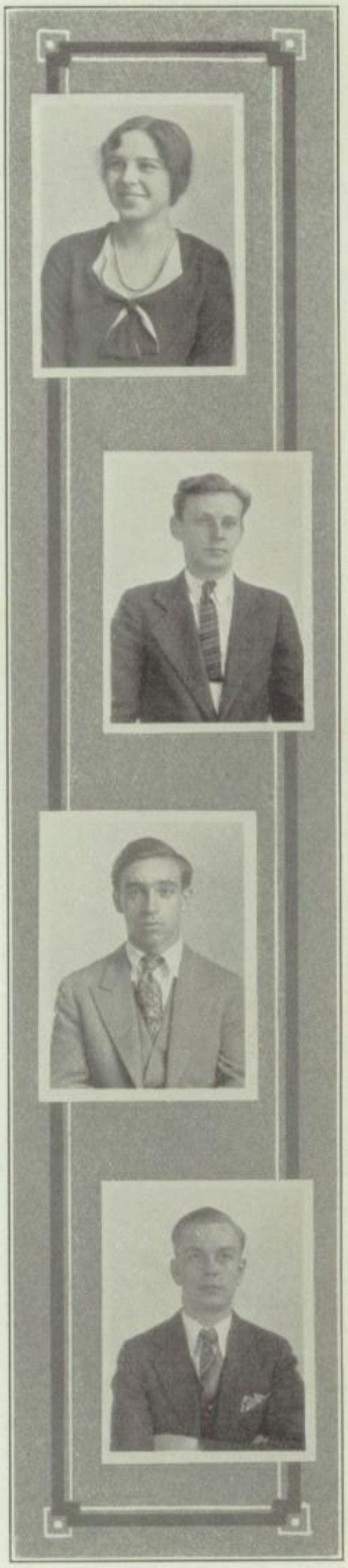
ROBERT W. SKELLAN—*"Bob"*

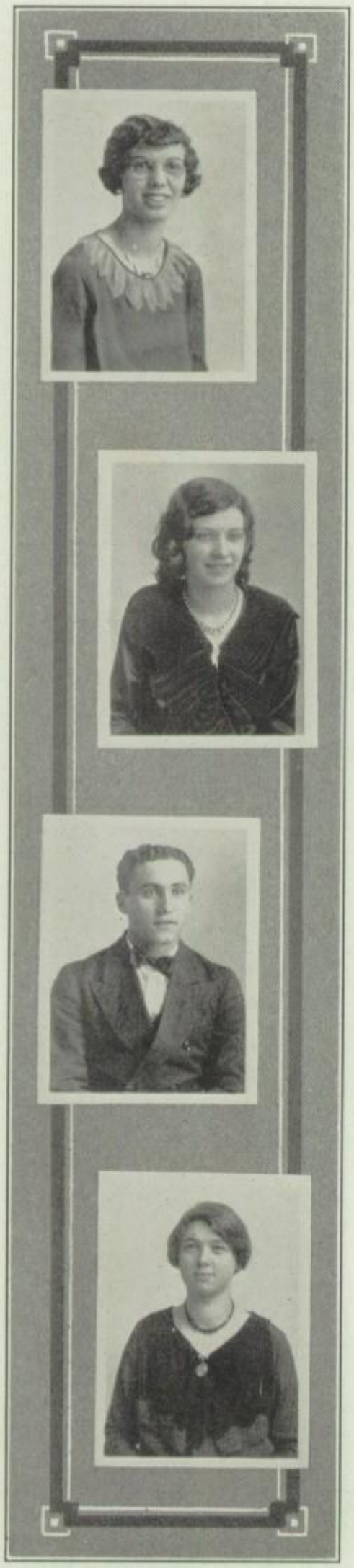
Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To get out of a rumble seat gracefully

Glee Club '26, '27, '28; Varsity Basketball '27, '28; Basketball Reserves '26; Football '27, '28; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28; Senior Class '30; Hi-Y '26, '27.

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."





EVELYN MAE SLATER—*"Slate"*

Course—General

Ambition—To do just one Chemistry experiment without Mr. Buckminsters assistance.

Art Club '28; Choral Club '29; Belle of Barcelona '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Vous avez raison.

GARNET L. SMITH—*"Gan"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To be a record breaker—not a heartbreaker.

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"The Gobble—uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out."

VINCENT JAMES SPERANZA—*"Jim"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To be a liar and get away with it

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Miss Pierce's Minstrel Show.

A liar must have a good memory

IRMA D. STAPLES—*"Irm"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To be five ft. two in my stocking feet.

Choral Club '27; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"True Blue and Smiling through."

CHESTER STAUB—*"Chet"*

Course—General

Ambition—What if everybody said that?

Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Varsity Baseball '29; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Aeronautical Club '27; Hi-Y '28, '29; Y.M.C.A. Interclass Basketball '30; Senior Dance Committee '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

He does, Chet.

RUTH M STEELE—*"Ruthie"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—Dig my own bait.

Literary Club '26; Interclass Baseball '26, '27, '28, '29; Interclass Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Volley Ball '28; Choral Club '28, '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

Well don't forget, the early bird catches the first worm.

WILFRED J. STOLL—*"Bill"*

Course—General

Ambition—To be the King Fish of the "Mistic knights of the Sea"

"L" Club '26, '27, '28, '29, '30; Varsity Baseball Team '26, '30; Senior Class '30; Junior Class '29; Interclass Baseball '28.

Who is to be the "Ole Battleaxe?"

MARION Z. STRAUSS—*"Midge"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To be happy and have those around me feel the same.

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

T'is not what we have but what we enjoy that makes us happy.

DOROTHY WALLACE STRONG—*"Dot."*

Course—College Entrance

Ambition—"To be a second Miss Pierce."

Interclass Basketball '27; Art Club '29; Junior Class '29; Girl Reserves '29, '30; Dramatic Literary Club '30; Choral Club '30; Senior Class '30.

We hate to discourage anyone, but there can be but one "Miss Pierce."

MINNIE MAE SY—*"Min."*

Course—General.

Ambition—Who said that?

Junior Class '28; Senior Class '30.

Aw—Go on, you'r foolin' us.

JUSTINE R. URTEL—*"Jessie."*

Course—General.

Ambition—Dietitian.

Freshman Literary Club '26; Sophomore Literary Club '27; Girl Reserves '27; Choral Club '26; '27, '28, '29; Operetta '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Secretary of Art Club '28.

AHA, the secret is out!

GEORGE E. VAN WYCK—*"Van"—"Pop"*

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—To laughter, as I take it, if the good truth were known.

Orchestra '28; Interclass Baseball '28, '29, '30; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Basketball Reserves '30; Tennis Team '28; Track '30; Freshman, Sophomore Literary Club '27; Miss Pierce's Minstrels '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; Sophomore Play '28; Hi-Y '28, '29, '30; Interclass Track '30.

I am Sir Crack. When I apex my lips let no dog bark.

EDNA L. VOLSCHOW

Course—College Entrance Science

Ambition—Obsolete.

Literary Club '26; Junior Orchestra '26, '27; Symphony Orchestra '27, '28, '29, 30; Dramatic Club '29, '30; The Charm School Play '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"Excuse my dust."

SYBIL WAITE— "Bubble."

Course—Stenographic.

Ambition—To get 50c for a haircut.

Basketball '27, '29, '30; Baseball '27, '28, '29; Volley Ball '27, '28; Track '28; Girl Reserves '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

"What if everybody did that!"

MARION WALKER—*Blondy*

Course— Commercial Bookkeeping.

Ambition—To "do things and get places" on time.

Junior Class, '29; Senior Class, '30.

"Oh, this installment buying!"

KATHERINE L. WEBER—*Kay*

Course College Entrance Arts.

Ambition—To be an aviatrix and write my name in the sky.

Literary Club, '27, '28; Interclass Baseball, '27, '28; Girl Reserves, '27, '28; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Junior Class, '29; Senior Class, '30.

"Your cheery grin and charming way.
Have made us love you dearly, Kay."

BEATRICE MARIE WENDLER—*"Bea."*

Course—Bookkeeping.

Ambition—To grow.

Junior Class, '29; Senior Class, '30.

A friend may well be reckoned the master piece of nature.

MILFORD E. WESTCOTT—*"Mil"*

Course—Manual Arts

Ambition—Time Only Will Tell

Interclass Volleyball '30; Minstrel Show '30; Junior Class '28; Senior Class '29, '30;

Patience is a virtue that makes men great.

FRANCIS LORAYNE WHALEN

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—To get a "little knowledge" about Chemistry—Just to see how dangerous it is.

Orchestra '27;Choral Club, '30; Junior Class, '29; Senior Class, '30.

Beware of the "unknown."

JAY D. WHITE—*"Hooker"*

Course—Commercial

Ambition—To book "Clem" Niland for the 5th.

Comrade Club, Treasurer '27; Interclass Baseball '27, '28; Interclass Football '27, 28; Interclass Basketball '27, '28, '29; Varsity Baseball '29, 30; Varsity Basketball Reserves '30; Aeronautic Club '27; "L" Club '29; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

The fifth of what, Jay?

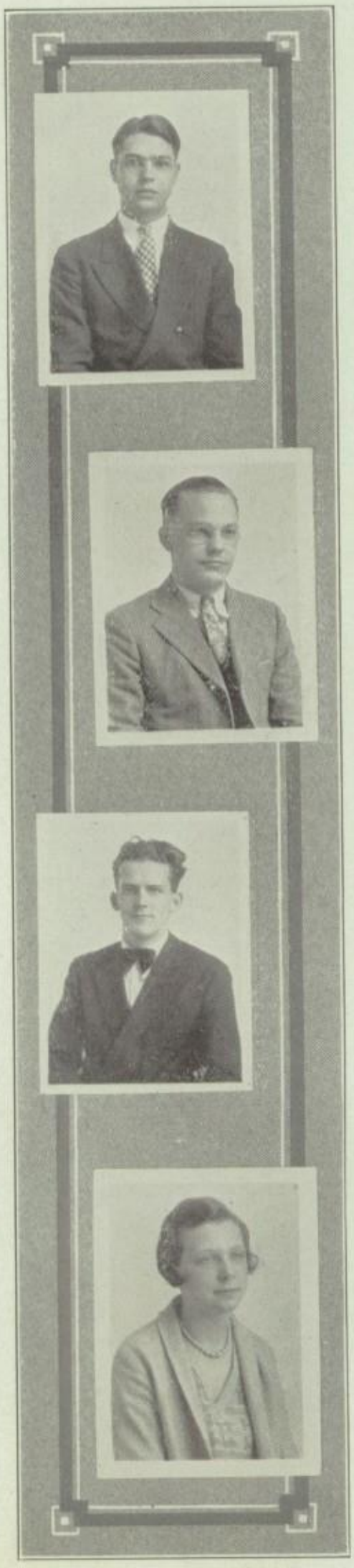
DONALD G. WILLAX—*"Don"*

Course—General

Ambition—Believe it or not

Track '28, '29, '30; Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30; "L" Club '29, '30; Assistant Football manager '28.

You stand for me this time Don! Here's to luck.



ABEL C. WILCOX—*"Abie"—"Willie"*

Course—General

Ambition—Slide up and down the moon beams.

Junior Class '29; Belle of Barcelona '29.

Watch out for the clouds.

F. FLOYD ZIEHL—*"Grand'pa"*

Course—College Entrance

Ambition—To find some zeal.

Aeronautical Club '27, '28; Hi-Y '27, '28, '29, '30.

BBBB. Can't you hear me calling? BBBB.

BEULAH R. ZOSS—*"Beu"*

Course—College Entrance Arts

Ambition—"To avoid Carrie Dickie in the halls."

Junior Class '29; Senior Class '30.

But so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware.

RUTH M. ZUIDEMA—*"Sadie"*

Course—College Entrance Arts.

Ambition—"To walk home from an auto ride, just once!"

Interclass Basketball '27, 28; Interclass Baseball '27, 28; Choral Club '28; Forum Staff '29, '30; Junior Play '29; Senior Play '30; Junior Class '29; Vice President Senior Class '30; Girl Reserve '28, 29; Sauce for Goslings '29; Senior Class '30.

Your eyes are twin windows thru which your true self is revealed.

COMMENCEMENT SONG

'Tis June, the month of roses,
Of golden sunny hours,
Of liquid bird notes calling,
The month of sun and flowers.
And nature's myriad voices
From field and stream repeat,
The song our hearts are singing,
Commencement Day to greet.

Right joyfully we hail thee,
O, long expected day!
Yet there's a thrill of sadness
That will not pass away.
For autumn's golden weather
No more for us will tell
The hour of glad returning,
To secenes we love so well.

No more the good old friendships,
No more the well known ways,
For us new paths must open,
New duties fill our days.
But time can never alter
Devotions tried and true
And mem'ry will make sweeter
The joys that here we knew.

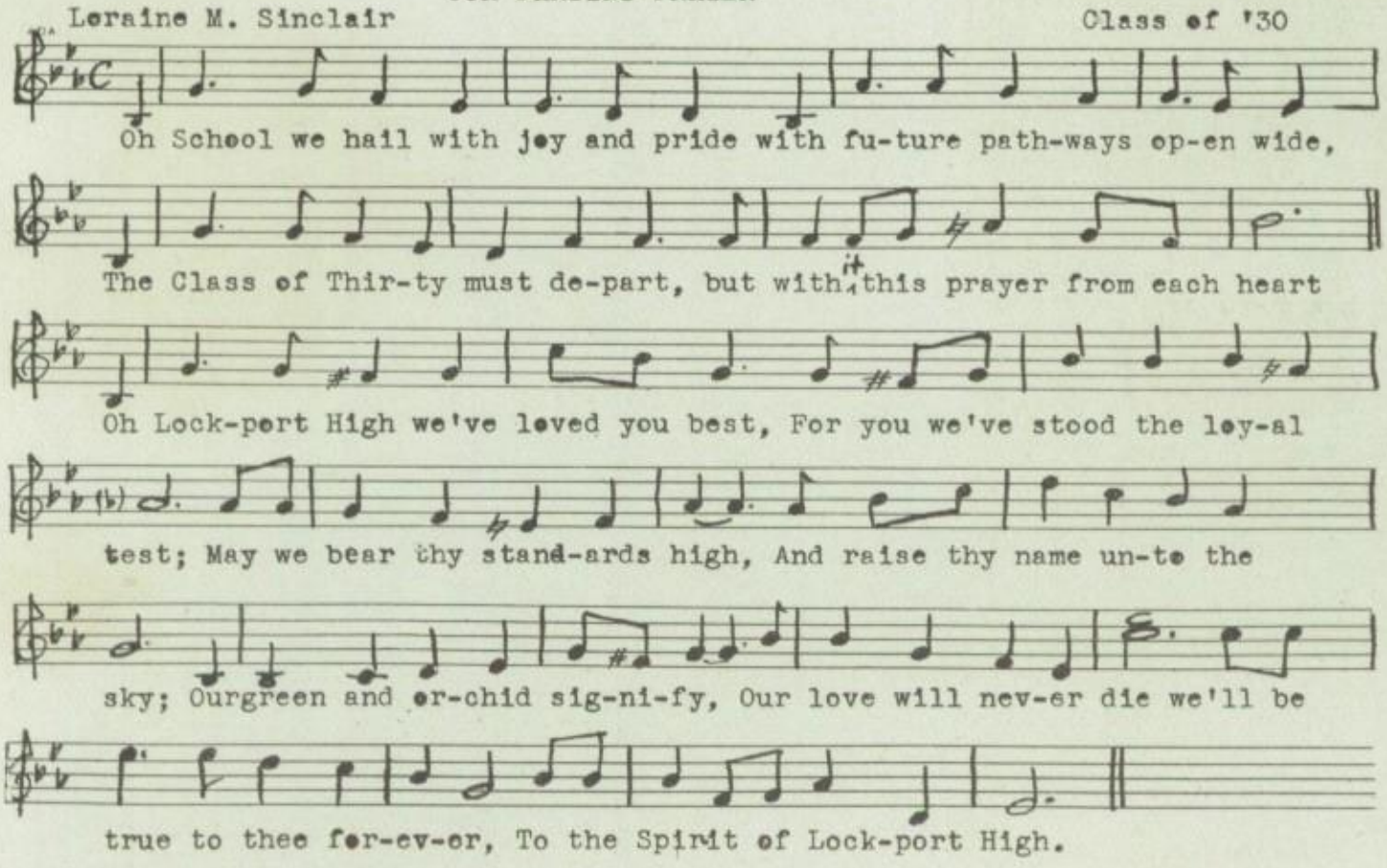
So, classmates stand together,
As heartily we raise
One loyal song at parting,
In Alma Mater's praise.
May fortune smile upon her
May men her name enthrone
And we forever cherish
Her honor as our own.

Chorus:

Lift up your voices clear and strong!
Hope gilds the future's way.
Love lights the past we've known so long,
Hail! to Commencement Day!

OUR PARTING PRAYER

Loraine M. Sinclair — Class of '30


Oh School we hail with joy and pride with fu-ture path-ways op-en wide,
The Class of Thir-ty must de-part, but with it this prayer from each heart
Oh Lock-port High we've loved you best, For you we've stood the loy-al
test; May we bear thy stand-ards high, And raise thy name un-to the
sky; Ourgreen and or-chid sig-ni-fy, Our love will nev-er die we'll be
true to thee for-ev-er, To the Spirit of Lock-port High.

Verse 2

The curtain falls on high school days
But may we ever sing thy praise
And as we take our work anew,
Our hearts turn back once more to you.

Verse 3

The future opens paths so bright
And though life's battles we must fight
The days will not be long and drear
If we think of the days we spent here.—

"THE PATSY"

SENIOR PLAY

The supreme dramatic function of the scholastic year, the annual Senior play, was presented on Friday evening, May 2, before an extremely edified audience. The drama, "The Patsy," a comedy in three acts by Barry Connors, was intrinsically a delightful performance, and the acclamations of the audience attested to this fact in a manner which left no doubt as to their appreciation of the clever dramatic appearance.

The plot centered around Patricia Harrington, a role played by a charming leading lady, Anna Katherine Wendel, whose personality instilled in her acting was one of the outstanding portions of the play. "Pat" is greatly perturbed by amourous feeling towards Tony Anderson, a wealthy, young chap, whose finer sentiments are lavished on the petulant Grace Harrington. Irving Clark's role of Tony Anderson was enacted in an exceptionally brilliant manner; Adeleine Bolton portraying Grace Harrington was accorded much commendation for her fine work. Grace's affections seem to be rather vacillating in her choice between Tony and Billy Caldwell, an eligible young bachelor endowed with a goodly share of the "root of all evil."

The part of Mrs. Harrington, the didactic and sterling wife and mother, was taken by Shanette Goggin; Pop Harrington, characterized by Roy Bass, proved to be the advocate of pacific and occasionally turbulent means of insuring connubial felicity. Roy and Shanette, we must admit, call up a mental picture of the radio feature of "Mr. and Mrs."; their dual acting was unusually brilliant and delightful. Nicholas Muller as Francis Patrick O'Flaherty, an attorney, Ruth Zuidema as Sadie Buchanan, a friend of Billy Caldwell, and William Robinson as Trip Busty, a radical taxi drixer, are deserving of much commendaton for their characterizations. Complications in the plot set in, but eventually Patricia and Tony and Grace and Billy depart for states of marital bliss.

The technicalities of the presentation were flawless; Donald Pasko produced a well constructed set of scenery as the background of the drama. The stage lighting, greatly embellishing the already attractive stage, was the clever work of Fred Holder. Gordon Stearns, in charge of publicity, efficiently performed his tasks in an exemplary manner. Howard Olds and LaVerne Pechuman completely handled the business end of the presentation; Dorothy Strong likewise capably fulfilled her apportioned duties.

That the drama was a gigantic success is due indubitable to the coaching and supervision of Miss Ethel Scagel.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MONDEL ELY BUTTERFIELD, Conductor

FREDERICK E. SMITH, CHARLES R. BARONE, Associates

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS

Colby, M. (Concert-Master)
Abbott, R.
Blackman, W.
Chase, M.
Daley, A.
Doherty, J.
Dysinger, F.
Engert, F.
Ferrington, E.
Fallon, J.
Greenbush, D.
Gunby, L.
Holder, F.
Jahnke, E.
Kean, W.
Knatler, F.
Pasko, D.
Pettit, L.
Reese, L.
Ransom, W.
Shearer, D.
Trott, J.
VanDusen, M.

VIOLA

Clugston, D.
Conrad, H.
Dickie, J.
Helwig, P.
Dumski, A

CELLO

Kanehl, C.
Kean, T.
Kinsley, B.

OBOE

Barone, J.
Palmer, R.

FLUTE

Livingston, J.
Moore, C.

BASSOON

Dickie, J.

CLARINET

Greenbush, B.
Robinson, M.
Sullivan, E.

HORNS

Groff, C.
Metcalf, H.

TRUMPET

Conlin, H.
Dow, F.
Johnston, M.

TROMBONE

Brooks, C.
Shear, F.
Schorr, G.

TUBA

Conlin, D.

PERCUSSION

Conley, C.
Filco, C.

TYMPANI

Lewis, D.

CHIMES AND BELLS

Nellis, R.

PIANO

Davis, E.
Kelley, M.

BASSES

Coates, E.
Mitchell, F.

BASS CLARINET

Brown, W.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND

CHARLES R BARONE, Conductor

CLARINETS

Barone, C.
Clark, I.
Flagler, R.
Greenbush, B.
Hawkes, J.
Knowles, V.
Klien, O.
Klien, M.
Lawton, I.
Mudge, H.
Mueller, N.
Pusateri, F. C.
Pusateri, F.
Pusateri, J.
Reese, E.
Rettalack, G.
Robinson, M. J.
Sillesky, D.
Silsby, S.
Steele, R.
Sullivan, E.
Walker, K.

TRUMPETS

Chasky, M.
Conlin, H.
Dow, F.
Ferrington, E.
Gailor, E.
Johnson, M.
Ma Loy, E.
Rudnick, M.
Shutes, R.
Wyles, R.

E. FLAT CLARINET

Charles, D.

BASS CLARINET

Brown, W.

TROMBONES

Brooks, C.
Butler, E.
Daley, M. R.
Harwood, E.
Shear, F.
Shore, Gordon
Sipson, F.

PERCUSSION

Conley, C.
Filco, C.
Gervaise, S.
Simmons, R.

TYMPANI

Lewis, D.

OBOES

Barone, J.
Palmer, R.

HORNS

Di Marco, F.
Groff, C.
Metcalf, H.

FLUTE

Livingstone, J.

SAXOPHONES

Brown, W.
Carullo, A.
Coates, E.
Costello, H.
Kaisier, J.
Lake, K.
Mitchell, F.
Neelon, F.
Robinson, W.
Spaulding, W.
Tovell, M.
Walker, K.

BARITONE

McCraith, L.

BASSOON

Dickie, J.

TUBA

Conlin, D.
Gregory, F.
Perry, L.
Van Dusen, M.

BELLS

Mitchell, F.

CHORAL CLUB

CHORAL CLUB

MONDEL ELY BUTTERFIELD, Conductor

BETTY WHEELER, Accompanist

FIRST SOPRANOS

Abbott, D.
Andrews, B.
Armer, E.
Bartz, B.
Butker, R.
Chase, M.
Daley, A.
Elkins, L.
Fogle, A.
Foote, P.
Frantz, R.
Friscia, J.
Gooding, E.
Jaynes, C.
Kinsley, B.
Lennon, K.
Lorms, E.
Mast, V.
Miller, R.
Mudge, H.
Nagle, E.
Otway, D.
Parker, F.
Pettit, J.
Pettit, L.
Phillips, M.
Rehrer, D.
Schwartz, D.
Shardon, T.
Shimer, I.
Soule, P.
Stratton, F.
Strickland, E.
Sullivan, E.
Sweigert, D.
Thompson, M.
Welton, M.
Whalen, L.
Wright, B.

SECOND SOPRANOS

Anna, I.
Bewley, M.
Blackstone, M.
Buggenhagen, F.
Collier, M.
Colopy, M.
Clugston, D.
Fallon, M.
Fogle, J.
Gregory, E.
Hanagan, M.
Helwig, P.
Juliana, L.
Kagels, E.
Kraatz, D.
LeBar, W.
Leichman, H.
Lotz, E.
Manchester, R.
Meehan, B.
Moore, M.
Munzel, L.
Nagel, M.
Nellis, R.
Reid, H.
Ruhlman, J.
Silsby, R.
Slater, M.
Smith, T.
Starling, D.
Strong, D.
Townsend, P.
Wilson, N.

ALTOS

Anson, G.
Benzigar, F.
Boyer, H.
Colby, M.
Corrella, A.
Cossaboon, R.
Dale, W.
Dohring, M.
Dumski, A.
Engert, F.
Goodnick, L.
Hum, H.
Johnston, H.
Kanehl, B.
McDermott, A.
McParlin, L.
Quattlebaum, E.
Saxon, M.
Sinclair, L.
Soule, E.
Stephanski, M.
Wiser, F.

GLEE CLUB

MONDEL ELY BUTTERFIELD, Conductor

ELMER L. ORTT, Accompanist

FIRST TENOR

Few, R.
Godfrey, J.
Hillis, W.
Wheeler, W.
Wilson, M.

SECOND TENOR

Deeringer, J.
Ehmke, N.
Ehmke, R.
Fountain, N.
Greenbush, B.
Newton, R.
Sperenza, V.
Stinson, Geo.
Walk, R.

FIRST BASS

Clarke, H. D.
Dale, W.
Dix, E.
Grimble, L.
McDermott, L.
Metcalf, R.
Muller, N.
Townsend, K.

SECOND BASS

Coventry, H.
Day, Geo.
Drew, C.
Lewis, D.
Long, R.
Welch, J.
Whitmore, C.

MALE QUARTETTE

1st Tenor—John Godfrey
2nd Tenor—Jack Deeringer
1st Bass—Leslie McDermott
2nd Bass—Charles Moore

EDITORIALS

NOISE

A freshman came to L. H. S.
Frightened sore-bested
And heard the noise made in the halls
And straightway fainted dead.

The freshman isn't the only one either who is "damaged," as it were, by the noise around our good old L. H. S. It is due, not so much to the noise, as to the things that cause the noise. The click, click, click of those chic French heels and the clump, clump of the iron clips on the Number 12 oxfords are, for the most part, the noise-makers. The period of time between classes, and also, the study hall periods are almost always ruined for sensitive people by the click, clack of hard heels meeting the floor with quick malicious jabs. It is small wonder that people, coming in from outside, just as the passing bell rings, think there are at least 5,000 pupils in Lockport High School. For the most part, it seems as if horses had been let loose in the halls. Why cannot Lockport High School pupils learn to walk quietly? It would not be hard to wear shoes with sensible rubber heels on them instead of wearing stilts with tiny clips in them, or in the boy's case, leather heels with huge iron clips on them. That would lessen the noise and at the same time be profitable in an other way. Rubber heels are a life-lengthener. They take up a considerable part of the shock that is attendant on walking and insure the brain and nerves against no little degree of jar.

CLOTHES DROLLERIES

Collegiate means pertaining to college or a collegian. Considering that, it is my opinion that we are sadly lacking in true collegiate styles. Instead, our young Chesterfields derive their inspiration from the comic sheets, *always* a source of joy, grief and innocent and childish laughter.

It takes money to dress in the true collegiate style; money that some of us have not; money that has made some of us seriously contemplate joining in May 1 celebrations, slumbering peacefully on the steps of city halls and walking the streets with bombs and false whiskers in our hands in the approved Socialistic manner; money buys many things that some of us can only gaze upon from a distance. Why, there are even boys in this school who wear suspenders! Just imagine! Not the humble "galasus" which held up the trousers of another generation but brilliant, gleaming, glittering "English braces" that could attract the eye of Dante on his historic jaunt through Inferno.

The tie is a subject on which one hesitates to commit oneself. There are nights when I dream of ties. Dreams in which I am supported on a bed of ties in which

red (I shudder to think of it) is predominant. Ties which contain every color of the rainbow (and some not in it) "hand-painted" ties with nude figures and green ties nestling cosily against purple shirts (a combination which one of our dashing, daring, absolutely insensitive students persists in wearing together with a red sweater). There was but recently a "fad" (defacing the "Adams apple" of the male half of our rising generation. The tie after being wound about in various and intricate knots that made its tying an occult science was allowed to dangle at will and blow freely in the breeze over the collar. Horrible!

Knickers and socks can be treated as a whole. Not so bad, not so good. No one has yet had the intestinal stamina to appear in bright, light blue or orange knickers but I expect it daily. And when he does . . . .

It shall go down in the records and annals of time and shall be mentioned in whispers in the years to come that Lockport boys were permitted to appear in sweaters of a deep, rich, soul-stirring vermillion. It will be a bit hard to tell our posterity that we, yes, even we, once wore a garment of that description. We shall tell them that the reason the present generation is going to the dogs (as every "present" generation does) is because of red sweaters. Red sweaters form a part of collegiate styles. Therefore, friends, let us band together in the great and glorious cause and ostracize, expell, abandon and do away with collegiate styles and save our nation now and forever more. Amen.

—Carl Raymond, '30.

A SUGGESTION

Some time ago I read an essay on chewing gum. The author said that once observing several girls chewing gum he marveled at the amount of energy that was produced. He even estimated that the energy he saw uselessly dissipated would run a railway car.

At the time the essay made little impression on me but recently I had an inspiration. Why not devise a machine that would extract this potential energy and convert it into work? Scientists tell us that in a few million years our supply of energy will be expended. Certainly there must be a young Edison somewhere who will be able to conserve that inexhaustible supply of energy for posterity.

I certainly am no inventor yet I shall venture a few suggestions. If some viscid substance were placed in the gum its tenacity would be increased and in order to overcome this the valiant gum chewer would be compelled to exert more force which in its turn would produce the energy so greatly desired. Then again it is possible that the particularly rabid gum chewers be isolated. Think of the results! A race of gum chewers would arise which would be a source of power forever. Not only that but the gum would become merely an arbitrary factor in energy production for either Darwin was wrong or the descendants of gum chewers would have jaws that moved automatically. It is only necessary to harness this power to remove the last objection to Paley's statement, "The great energies of nature are known to us only by their effects."

—La Verne Pechuman, '30.

ON SCHOOL FADS

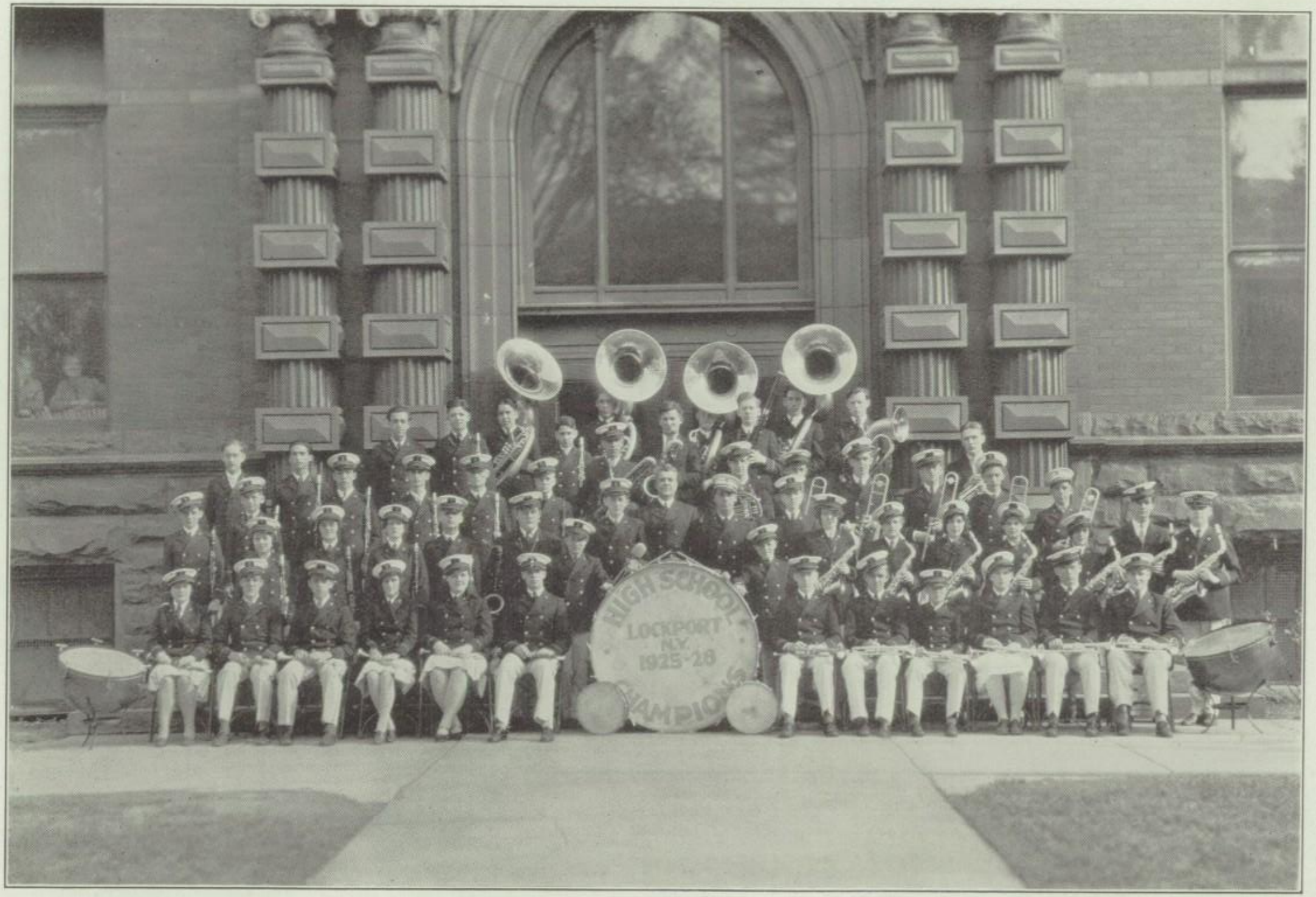
Volumes might be written about the students of this institution of higher learning; complete libraries, however, would not suffice to elucidate the foolish fads which seem to have so completely permeated the entire student body. The history of fads is but a continual round of the juvenile pastime of "Follow the Leader;" let one student acquire an odd bit of apparel, and no sooner have the other pupils viewed it than they feel that they must possess an identical habiliment. Recall, for example, the "Derby Club" of several years ago; one enterprising young gentleman obtained possession of one of these iron hats of a long past age, and for weeks after, the proprietor of the vending establishment, who had resurrected these "lids," did a thriving business. Again, even in this enlightened age, we frequently view portions of masculine anatomy indiscriminately displayed when their garterless sox gracefully drape themselves over dusty oxfords. Still others, as the ascetics of old, lay open their cerebral structures to the elements, rain, snow, or hail. During rainy seasons we frequently come across students wearing slickers of a vivid hue embellished with pictures of feminity on the back; we consider this an excellent form of free advertising for the fortunate girls. Far be it from us to discriminate between sexes; doubtless you have seen the stockingless females parading about during the warm weather, a lack of covering which has caused no end of comment among school authorities. Each of us, I suppose, has his own particular debauchery in his susceptibility to some fad; let him without sin, therefore, cast the first stone.

Fred C. Holder, '30

WISHES

Sometimes I wish I were a brook,
A doin' nothin' all the day
With just a wistful peaceful look,
Watchin' the fishes at their play.
Sometimes I wish I were a fly,
For then could I just flit away
And 'scape the troubles, trials and cries
That go to make this modern day.
But when I've thought it over well,
I find that I'm content
To be a girl as all can tell,
With nothing to repent.

—Marie Louise Few '30.



BAND

LITERATURE

WHAT ONE ACCOMPLISHES

Gordon W. Stearns, '30

"Come into my parlor," said the spider to the fly. "But the insect last mentioned could scarcely have subjected himself to his host's hospitality with more timidity and reluctance than that which George Sterling manifested upon entering the editorial office of the "Literary Indigestion." George had long been expecting to make this social call, and though he'd been fully aware of how inevitable it had been, he had experienced more and more mental anguish as he felt the fatal day approaching. And now that his profoundest fears were realized, now that the hour he had been striving to avoid had forced its way into George's active existence, his worries changed to despair, and his heart, palpitating unrestrainedly within his quivering frame, seemed to indicate to him that he was totally unequal to the situation. With faltering step, he made his way to the main editor's desk, where a green-eyed monster, staring with intense animosity and hideous contempt, removed whatever doubt the victim might still entertain that the climax of his career was but a few moments in the offing.

"Well, Sterling!" his master's voice boomed, seeming more voluminous than usual after the brief interval of oppressive silence, "What are we going to do about the next issue?"

"Why, er—" George was not feeling exceptionally eloquent.

"The quality of the stories of our magazine," began the editor abruptly, has been lowering, and lowering, until all we're printing is pure, 100 per cent trash! Something's got to be done! We can't continue to submit such mediocre publications to the people. Our circulation has greatly diminished in the past few months and it will continue to do so unless something's done about it mighty soon! What's the matter with you, anyway? It's your job to see that we're supplied with first rate material, and yet we seem to have lost all our good authors!"

"Well," George attempted self defense, "Heaven only knows that I've tried and tried to get a rise out of several first class literary men, but . . . "

"We're not interested in how much you've *tried,*" interrupted the chief, "It's results and not efforts we're looking for! I don't care if you've worked night and day; if you didn't accomplish anything, your efforts are all wasted, as far as I'm concerned. I suppose we'd increase our circulation immeasurably by printing in the preface of the next magazine, 'There are no stories in this issue, but our literary manager, Mr. George Sterling, has expended every effort to induce the country's best authors to write for us. Perhaps next issue we shall have a story for you, dear admiring readers.' Bah! But that seems to be your idea!"

"Well, if—"

"And, anyway, what became of that friend of yours, the great Ferdinand Holden, who practically made the 'Literary Indigestion' for us. He hasn't contributed for ages, and a contribution from him would certainly put the magazine back on its feet again. What's happened to him, eh? I suppose he's doing the same thing all the other literary wizards are!"

"Oh, for months I've been trying to get him to write a snappy number for us, but he refuses to do any more writing. He has enjoyed a spectacular literary career, and now he considers himself retired—in this decision he's as 'constant as the northern star' as Shakespeare says."

"Never mind Shakespeare," grumbled the seething editor. "We can't get him to write any stories, so he doesn't interest me,—but there are plenty of others we can get, and it's up to you to get them! And if you don't pretty soon, I don't suppose I need tell you it's 'exit' for you. Shakespeare's credited with having written that, too, I believe."

"But I wish you'd give me a chance, Mr. Kensington."

"Chance! I've already given you so many there aren't any left. However, if the next issue is as rummy as I think it'll be, it's curtains for you; and it seems to me that you'll have to move fast to keep from being hurled into the hungry mob!"

The bewildered George had no reply with which to favor the last remark, but the embarrassing silence which had begun to reign over the desolate room was abruptly shattered by the opening of an outer door and the appearance of a business like individual bearing a litter of documents which he immediately deposited on Kensington's desk, and then departing with a terse, "There you are, sir."

"Oh yes," sighed the editor, "I'd almost forgotten. You see, Sterling, I'm reverting to the last resort. I had Billings look through the 'morgue' and bring me the most promising stories. It's certainly awful to have to resort to stories that have practically been rejected formerly,—for we paid a very small price for each of these, in the hope that we might be able to use them some day. Now I can do nothing else, thanks to you. At that, there may be a masterpiece here that has been overlooked. As you may know, that literary hit of Zane Grey's, 'The Riders of the Purple Sage', which won more acclaim than almost any other popular novel, was ruthlessly rejected by a publisher when first submitted by that author. There may be a 'Rider of the Purple Sage' here. Who knows? Let's look them over."

With unconcealed disgust, the two literary men diligently scrutinized the first of the—well, for want of a more fitting name, I'll have to call them stories, mercilessly threw them aside, until the temporary placidity of the room was disturbed by Kensington's interjection. "Well, for—! What's this?" He held up a page across which was typed "Nocturnal Knocks by Ferdinand Holden."

"For heaven's sake!" ejaculated Sterling, "Where did that come from? How does it happen that wasn't published?"

"Well, I am certainly surprised to see it," acknowledged the other, "but it is dated 1918, so I should judge that it was one of Holden's first efforts."

"Say, maybe we've found something!" declared George hopefully. "Let's look it over; maybe this is the solution to our trouble."

However, after the first few pages of the story had been carefully perused, Kensington exclaimed, "Oh, this is rank. It's childish! I can hardly believe that Holden could ever have written such a punk story. It's incredible—but, of course, it's about twelve years since he wrote it, and he's had many years since in which to develop his literary ability."

"And, at that, he surely has improved in those years! Gosh, I agree with you that this is awful," declared George, shaking his head disgustedly.

"The 'Literary Indigestion' may be getting bad, but it 'll never sink so low that we'd publish anything like this. We probably gave Holden a very small sum for this awe-inspiring tale; I don't know how we ever considered it a possibility, though. Probably we bought it to keep him from bothering other editors with it. Ye Gods!"

"Yet we can make use of it," George announced enigmatically.

"What! What are you talking about?"

"I mean it. It may be too rotten to print, but through this little story we can make Holden write the type of story he is capable of writing. You see, we can tell him that if he doesn't write us something for the next issue, we'll publish this thing. The appearance of this story would about ruin his reputation, and so by making such a threat we'd surely get a rise out of him. And he couldn't do a thing to stop us from printing 'Nocturnal Knocks,' for he sold us the right to print it long ago!"

"Egad, Sterling," approved Kensington, "You do occasionally show a spark of intelligence, I think that idea *would* work. In fact, I'm quite sure it would.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it. I know Holden! He's proud as Lucifer."

"Well, get after him right away," enjoined the chief editor, "We have only a short time in which to act!"

* * *

"But, for heaven's sake, George! You can't print that thing," the literary genious, whose infinite abilities have already been discussed, was in a state of deep perplexity. His friend's fiendish announcement had astounded him incalculably. "I don't remember much about that lugubrious affair which must of a certainty be the worst of my juvenile attempts, but I do know that it is awful! Why, if that ever appeared before my admiring public, I'd never dare to face any one again. It would be disastrous!"

"Yes, indeed, I've figured that all out," replied George maliciously. "So, you see, the only thing for you to do is to write another stirring tale."

"But you know that I've permanently discontinued writing. I no longer feel the slightest desire, or for that matter, the slightest need of producing another piece. I'm under no contract like a movie actor, you know."

"But now you surely must feel the need of writing one, for I assure you that 'Nocturnal Knocks' will be published in the next issue unless you have something else to offer us."

"But really, that's grossly unfair, old top. You can't do a thing like that. You wouldn't want to injure your magazine by printing that story."

"No?" sardonically queried the relentless George, "Suppose you lower yourself enough to buy a copy of July's 'Literary Indigestion' and see for yourself. Think it over, old man. Think of your reputation and all that sort of thing, I'll be after your latest literary effort in a week. I hope you'll deem it wise to have it ready."

"I say, this is a bit unexpected, George. I didn't expect such extortion from you, old chap."

"The only reason I'm doing this," explained Sterling, "is to bring you to your senses. I'm only trying to get you back in circulation, where you should be. There's no sense in wasting your talent as you've been doing. Well, I'll leave you now to your thoughts. I'll be seeing you and your story in a week."

If Ferdinand Holden had once been decided to abandon his career as an author, he evidently relinquished such a frivolous idea, for, when his friend Sterling called on him at the appointed time, he resignedly tossed a packet of pages upon a nearby table with the highly pleasing announcement, "Well, there it is!"

George, with an expression of ecstatic delight, descended like a vulture upon the neatly arranged papers, across the outside of which was written, "The Vacant Chamber" but before his grasping talons could clutch them, the author suddenly exclaimed, "Stop! Before you touch that story, I want to offer you a little proposition."

The vulture recoiled, his prey still intact, and the master of the situation stipulated, "I'll give you your choice, Sterling, and you'll have to render your decision immediately. You may take the story if you like, but if you do, you may consider our friendship closed. Perhaps the acquisition of a petty story means more to you. If so, that no more than meets with my expectation. Furthermore, if I'd not always considered you one of my best friends, I'd not even grant you this opportunity of reconciliation. But if now you are quite willing to go without this story and sell me back my old one, I'll call it square—Otherwise we're friends no more. Which alternative do you choose?"

"Why-why, you astound me, Holden", gasped Sterling, "I didn't think you'd take it this way. It was all a sort of joke, you know."

"Yes, perhaps, but I didn't enjoy it. Are you quite willing to do as I have asked, and give up the idea of publishing this story?"

"But what would be the sense of that? If you'd said what you just did before you'd written the story, I'd have ceased trying to force you, even though it did mean losing my job. But, it's written now! What's the use of throwing it away? You would only have been wasting your time if the story is not published now." George was squirming desperately, but his resolute adversary insisted, "Answer my question!"

"Now, be reasonable, for goodness' sake, Holden. It might as well be published now."

"Do you choose to give up the story or my friendship?"

"Wh—why, if you put it that way, I suppose I'll have to give up the story. But you're foolish to demand such a thing. Why, no doubt this is the best thing

you've ever written," George asserted, perfunctorily opening the packet containing the "Vacant Chamber" and starting incredulously at the utterly blank pages which were disclosed.

"I quite agree with you," returned the literary marvel.

* * *

However, if George had been determined to sacrifice his own welfare and to exert his influence in preventing the publication of "Nocturnal Knocks", he was destined to be sadly disillusioned. Mr. Kensington, kind and sympathetic old soul that he was, informed George very benignly that he would have to "expend his efforts" elsewhere, whereas the "Literary Indigestion" would hire someone who would *accomplish* something. Furthermore since the chief editor realized full well that the forthcoming issue was to be an utter "flop," (to employ the expression of *the Jargot American* used by the editor, himself, though it pains us to repeat it), he had decided that it would do no especial harm to print that unspeakable piece of literature, since by doing so he had a very effective means of wreaking retaliation on the delinquants.

Only too late did George Sterling comprehend the dire potentialities of his subtle scheme. Only too late did he realize the tremendous disgrace he must force upon his dearest associate, and he spent the next few days in the dire depths of dark despair. He had violated the sacred bond of an oath, for though he had attempted to prevent the publication of the story, the grim, undeniable evidence of Holden's former literary mediocrity had been disclosed to the public, and what was that he had heard about the comparative value of effort and accomplishments?

George took every precaution against coming into contact with Holden, fearing the consequences of such an encounter, but, after all, it is a small world, and it is almost impossible to avoid meeting the one person you deem it strategic to evade. A few days after the obnoxious July issue of the "Literary Indigestion" had been put into circulation, our tremulous hero was honored by a visit from the illustrious Ferdinand Holden, himself. In spite of his premonition that a climatic scene was nigh, George exclaimed lightly, "Of all men else, I have avoided thee, Mac Duff!"

To Sterling's immense surprise, however, the renowned author was in a far different state of mind than might have been expected. Where George would have looked for Gloom, Despair and a few of the other companions to Melancholy, he saw a delectable expression of joy and elation.

"Say, that was indeed a clever trick of yours, George, whether you know it or not," complimented Holden, his countenance wreathed in a grateful smile.

"Wh—why, what do you mean?" stammered George, dumbfounded.

"Just this. Look! Here's a letter I'd like to show you, and it's practically a sample copy of hundreds of others that I've just received. I don't think I ever wrote a story that won as much acclaim as 'Nocturnal Knocks'. I'm literally flooded with letters and telegrams."

"I don't understand," persisted George.

"Here, listen to this letter," ordered the other.

'My Dear Mr. Holden:

'I wish to congratulate you on your latest story. It is highly worthy of commendation, I should say. To employ the vernacular where proper English is inadequate, it's a scream! I had always known you were a remarkably original author, but I never realized that you were a master of parody as well. I could just imagine some new, inexperienced author handling a plot in the way you did in that story. You certainly rendered a praise-worthy imitation of the green rawness of a would-be author. It struck me as quite strange that the story wasn't announced as a parody, but perhaps that was done to increase the sublety of the whole affair. I certainly had to acknowledge, as the editor of the "Bore 'em" that the Literary Indigestion, which hasn't been so good of late, had made one of their old-time famous scoops. It would be just their luck to print the first of what you no doubt intend to be a series of parodies on the flood of youthful endeavors now on the market. And so, in closing, I must congratulate you again, and I assure you that I'll be eagerly awaiting the appearance of your next parody.

Very truly yours,
J. E. BORING,
Of the "Bore" 'em" Board

And," concluded the proud author, "I have received hundreds of other letters from readers who say practically the same thing. I thought that I would be ruined by the appearance of that story, but it seems my reputation is even greater now. Parody, indeed!"

"Well," George smiled for the first time in weeks. "I don't know what to say!"

"It's encouraging, too, to know how much your public adheres to you. The idea of writing parodies never occurred to me before but it would be quite amusing to write them I'm sure. Well, now I'm going to forget about abandoning my literary career. I'll follow Mr. Boring's suggestion—although I don't suppose you'd call it a suggestion, since he didn't intend it as such—and I'll write a series. You may announce to Kensington that I'll write one for every issue from now on, and to get you back in the man's good graces, you may inform him that I'll submit them only thru you."

"Why, I don't know how to thank you!" gasped George.

"Oh, don't worry about that. I should really be angry with Kensington for trying to play such a dirty trick on me, but, after all, it isn't what one tries to do that counts, it's what one actually accomplishes!"

"Grr-r-r" replied George.

CLOTHES MAKE THE LADY

Louise Elkins, '31

Jim reflected, as he turned briskly into the familiar, quiet street, that life was just another bad mistake. The whole day had gone wrong. His morning coffee had been weak and cold, sans sugar and sans cream. At the office, he had been grumpy and irritable. The Boss had sent him out on a wild goose chase to get the low-down about a woman who had gone modernistic and decided to live in a

mill. And above all, it was raining. That kind of a rain which is soft and warm and invigorating if you're romantic and wet and sloppy if you aren't. Jim wasn't. And as the last of his grievances, the Boss had asked him to go to this Fancy Dress Ball that one of the 400 was giving, and then write up in the next day's paper the list of "Among Those Present," and how society behaved itself.

Jim wondered irately why the rain had to get your ears wet and run into your vest pockets, and, as he turned into the yard at the correct brownstone house which proclaimed to the world that boarders and tourists would be accommodated there, he could not resist a kick at one of the bronze lions which guarded the steps, and by the time he reached his room he was in a most dismal frame of mind.

"Well, well, well!" drawled a voice, coming from the depths of a big armchair. "And what has happened to my buddy? Did all the family die or did you lose the family fortunes?"

"Oh, worse, Bruce. I've been sent to that party tonight." Jim sank into the only other chair and dismally lit a cigarette.

"Oh, cheer up—I've got to go too," said his pal cheerfully. "Isn't it a pity we don't both work on the same paper? We've had more fun at the office today. They've got in a new kid. Great big eyes—he looks starved to death. The Boss took pity on him and he is sending him to this party tonight. Called me in tonight after the kid left and asked me if I'd just as soon go and keep tabs on him."

Jim did not vouchsafe to reply, but finally moved over to the dresser which they shared, and proceeded to ransack every drawer for his studs. Having gone through every drawer systematically, the missing objects failed to appear, but he did find a photo. He pulled it out into the light and gazed at it angrily. Then he proceeded to tear it up into little pieces, so that the appealing, heart shaped face, with its dimples and cupid's bow, could never be put together again. Bruce watched the process interestedly. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

"Sonny, take some advice from me. Never have anything to do with women. I have positively no use for 'em. They're just a bunch of painted, gum-chewing, brainless dolls. Or else they're intelligent and sophisticated and bored. Either kind are absolutely heartless." Jim began a half-hearted search for the studs.

"Oh, don't be a synic because one girl threw you over. I'm going to marry my girl just as soon as I get a raise—that is," he added doubtfully, "I'll ask her."

"Do as you like—but not for me!"

Bruce laughed and got up. "What's the odds that you meet your fate tonight?"

His friend did not trouble to reply, but finally, loud, energetic splashings and a not-too-tuneful version of "Singing in the Bathtub" told Bruce that Jim had apparently forgotten his troubles.

Ten-thirty saw Jim at the ball, attired soberly enough in evening clothes, and wearing that down-in-the-mouth expression of a man who knows he is going to be bored. He remained aloof from the laughing, carefree dancers, picturesque and gay in their costumes. With the trained eye of the newspaper man, he watched every detail, tho' for the life of him he couldn't see why this bunch of jazz-maniacs should be front page stuff. Finally he grew disgusted, and wishing a breath of clean, cool air, he slipped through one of the long, open windows to the terrace.

Even a newspaper man can be susceptible to beauty, and now he could not restrain a whistle of appreciation, as his gaze traveled over the lawn, and the trees glistening with the recent rain, which were casting entrancing lights and shadows over the velvety lawn. He walked noiselessly along the terrace to the garden, and following a path which turned sharply, suddenly stopped and just in time suppressed an ejaculation of surprise. For he found himself gazing at a girl. A girl in a Japanese gown, standing beside a pool. And she was totally unaware of his presence.

"Oh—I beg your pardon. I—" he stammered helplessly.

She turned quickly, and Jim found himself gazing into startled dark eyes, partly concealed by a mask, and the loveliest face he had ever seen. Her mouth was adorable, and her smile entrancing.

"Oh—, I didn't know anyone else was here. Why, what are you staring at?" the girl's voice brought Jim back to earth.

"I—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. But do you know—has any one ever told you that you are beautiful?"

"Why, really! This is most unusual," she faltered, and then, rapidly regaining her composure, added. "Are you in the habit of walking up to perfectly strange girls and proposing to them?"

By no means abashed, Jim said, "Oh, that's right. We haven't been introduced, have we? I'm James Percivel Weatherby, and you—you are—"

She only shook her head.

"Well, then, you're my Fairy Princess," he finished. "And a most adorable one at that."

"Come, James Percival Weatherby, let's go and dance," she cried gaily, "or else you'll be making me feel like a *real* Princess!"

Jim was oblivious to everything, except the throbbing, syncopating music and the tiny, Fairy Princess, who crept into his arms as if she belonged there. Gone was his former distaste for the Ball, and his paper was forgotten. He knew only that he was in love—madly, desperately in love—with a girl he didn't even know!

An hour elapsed, and finally the orchestra came to an abrupt halt; there was dead silence for a moment, and then a voice cried, "Unmask!"

With a startled cry she suddenly slipped out of his arms, evaded his grasp, and lost herself among the couples on the floor, who were laughing and screaming as the masks came off. Jim, clumsily following her, reached the hall just in time to see her disappear around a bend in the corridor. He dashed madly after her, but she had disappeared as completely as tho' she had dissolved into thin air. He retraced his steps to the ballroom, somewhat ruefully, and as he was passing a room, a merry peal of laughter reached his ears. His heart leapt. He had found her, the little villian! He reached the knob of the door, but he never turned it. The voice was saying,—"and I thought he was surely going to catch me—when the leader shouted 'unmask!' And you promise never to tell him?"

"I'll promise anything!" said Bruce's voice. "Kid, you may be new at the office, but you're going to be promoted, or my name will be mud. Boy, you surely were one good Japanese Princess."

THE MAGIC SPRING OF MO-WEN

Mary Hanagan, '31

The beautiful Indian maiden, Juanita, strolled along the shore of the Mo-Wen River revelling in the stillness of the world about her; the thick green forest beside her was silent; the sky, above, was a clear acquamarine blue and nothing about her seemed to stir. She stood for a moment drinking in the wonderful Indian spring air. On a blanket of soft velvety moss she knelt to drink from fragrant, bubbleing spring known as the Magic Spring of Mo-Wen. This spring was visited by many Indians in search of happiness as it was supposed to cast a magic spell over all who visited it. Even the air about it seemed haunted with happiness. She paused for a minute for revealed in the spring was a tiny miniature of a beautiful Indian maiden. A long black braid hung down on each side of her head, beautifully shaped lips, accented eyebrows and dark eyes, surrounded with fringes of lashes, which seemed to hold the unconscious little maiden in a trance. Surely, those could not be her eyes?

Already refreshed from the Magic Spring, she made her way back to the noisy but happy Indian village.

Many wigwams were gathered in a circle and in the center was a fire about which were gathered many Indian men, squaws and maidens decked in the usual Indian costumes adorned with brightly colored beads and feathers.

Dusk was beginning to drape gently the Indian village of Mo-Wen beside the soft flowing river, as Juanita entered.

She glanced at the group about the fire and with smiling eyes she caught the gleaming eyes of the Indian chief's son, Suma Maya and walked into a wigwam beside the river and entered it by means of lifting a flap.

"Ah, dear daughter, where have you been?" asked her anxious father, one of the great hunting chiefs of the wigwam village.

With a big laughing sigh, she answered with girlish enthusiasm, "For the best walk in the world Hunting Father, to Magic Spring. While I was drinking I noticed my face and it doesn't seem possible that it was mine. I suppose the spring was working some more of its wonderful magic."

"You are a very beautiful, Indian daughter of mine, and your happy Hunting Father is very proud of his pretty little maiden." His pride for Juanita was very noticeable as he spoke with beaming eyes.

"Good night, Hunting Father," as she spoke she gave him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

He departed from the wigwam to join the group about the fire, who were chanting old Indian folksongs, before retiring.

Juanita stood looking down on her slender figure and felt her soft cool face. Could it be possible she was as pretty as her father said? No, for there was Alomo, the most beautiful Indian maiden in the village of Mo-Wen, whom Suma Maya liked, for did he not go for walks with her too, to the Magic Spring.

She lay on her blanket in the wigwam, her eyes shut but she was not asleep.

"There he is!" she suddenly exclaimed aloud as a soft crooning Indian lad's voice reached her from outside the wigwam.

Suma Maya was singing:

"When I'm calling you—"

The beautiful refrain of the "Indian Love Call."

As Juanita lay listening she began to wonder if he sang that to Alomo. Was she jealous of her? No, but she must prove Suma's love for herself.

The last strains of the song were floating away as the crowd about the fire dispersed in gay spirits. Soon all was quiet and the moon looking down peacefully smiled. God above knew all was well.

* * *

"Every hour of daylight
Is with gladness blest,
But to me the twilight—
Rest—time is the best."

The sun came pouring in the door of the little wigwam beside the river and gently played over Juanita's face.

With a vigorous yawn and much stretching she arose, dressed and went to the side of the river to bathe her face in the cool water chanting unconsciously, the "Indian Love Call."

"What a wonderful day for a canoe ride!" she exclaimed.

"The river is so calm, no one will miss me if I go now," she thought aloud.

She got her father's canoe and was drifting away just as the Indian village began to stir in the wake of the morning.

She, utterly unconscious of being watched, gloried in the morning air as she drifted down the river, nor did she know that back on the river another canoe was following her.

She gazed, with interest, about the banks of the river and saw the little violets peeping forth in the sun, the trees lifting their arms to God and heard the chant of the early morning birds.

About two miles from the village were the rapids of the river but Juanita seemed so wrapped up in the pleasant atmosphere about her that she did not notice the change in the current until it was too late.

Gallantly she tried to paddle for the shore. The current was so strong that it was no use in trying.

All this time the canoe that was following her, mastered by a strong hand, was gradually catching up to her.

A few hundred yards from the canoe Juanita saw the rapids hurtling down out of sight. Her ears roared with the resounding of the water dashing against the rocks below. Her hands relaxed from their grip on the paddles and she slipped forward in the canoe and as Juanita fainted, a firm hand grabbed the canoe.

She came too just outside the village of Mo-Wen.

Apparently mumbling to herself she asked, "What is that I hear? The bubbling of the Magic Spring. How cool my brow feels and is that Suma Maya kneeling beside me?"

"Oh, Suma," she called now fully conscious, "what has happened? Where did you come from?"

In a few words he told her what happened since she fainted: "The water was not deep near the rapids so I let my canoe go over and lifted you from yours and battled the current to the river bank. I carried you here to the Magic Spring for I knew the magic water would wake you."

"Oh, Suma darling, how can I ever repay you?" she asked looking at him with her earnest eyes.

"Ah, Nita, there is but one thing. Don't you know why I followed you? Haven't you realized for a long time that you mean more to me—," before he could finish the sentence Juanita was in his arms.

* * *

Hand in hand they entered the happy village of Mo-Wen and were greeted by Juanita's happy, but anxious father to whom they told the news. He beamed with pride upon the happy couple.

As they went on he chuckled to himself, "Some more of the happy magic is cast."

That night the village was up late about the fire dancing, singing and making merry about the happy couple. They were to be married next morning at sunrise.

Before Suma Maya left her that night she said, "Let us be married by the Magic Spring! For isn't that where we really found each other?"

Next morning the Magic Spring was sparkling and gurgling with great vivacity for, again, it had cast its magic spell of happiness.

ANDY

Anne Ellis, '31

A long, powerful roadster came to a sudden halt accompanied by an uncanny screeching of brakes. From behind the steering gear slid a tall, slender, red haired young man patiently wiping the dust from his eyes. In the course of time he obtained a clear, unimpaired vision of the immense mansion before which he had stopped. Involuntarily a shrill whistle of admiration and surprise burst from his lips. Why, he was not looking at a house. Before him stood a palace! No one could escape seeing those white, stately marble pillars which gracefully supported the monster. Power, lust, greed, and vanity protruded everywhere. Yet a sort of haze seemed to surround the building itself. The last rays of a fast dying sun played here and there casting grotesque figures and shadows. A little hesitatingly the young man advanced slowly up the front steps rapidly reviewing the strange events leading up to his arrival.

Andy Rath was a very new employee of the Daily Sun of Tuczon, Arizona. Anxious to make good in the newspaper game, he exerted his best efforts in ferreting out events and making himself useful in various ways. One morning in particular he had been in having a confidential chat with his editor, when, as unexpectedly as a bomb explosion, another reporter had burst in. Words tumbled out of his mouth.

"Say, chief, you remember the curiosity that was stimulated when news was received of that house being erected out in the desert about two hundred miles from here? 'Well, that was practically three years ago. Now, the word has just come in that Francias Seaman, the great European steel magnate, has just established himself there. A chance like this cannot be neglected. A man must be sent at once to obtain an interview."

The chief had acted. Reporter after reporter had been sent out in vain to obtain the much coveted interview. No one as yet had been able to effect an entrance to what was fast being termed "Mystery Mansion." To all appearances the place seemed uninhabited. After each rebuff, the newspaper staff grew all the more determined. But failure stared them in the face. At last came the fatal day when Andy, the youngest reporter of all, was detailed to force that interview. The young man had been very reluctant to go as he considered that it would be precious time wasted. At the time he was working on another case, one which gave promise of high results. A raise in salary was the prevalent stumbling block which kept Andy from marrying a certain clever, sparkling brunette who constantly occupied his thoughts. Yet without some good work he couldn't expect a raise. No wonder he felt blue when ordered on a wild goose chase. Not deeming it wise, however, to antagonize his chief he had accepted with good grace and before sunrise had begun the trip which resulted in the strangest adventures of his life. So now at sundown we meet young Andy once more ascending the huge steps of the erstwhile palace.

Repeatedly he rang the small, queer shaped doorbell. Peal after peal echoed through the house like the low growl of thunder. Fuming and fretting Andy stood impatiently waiting in vain for some response. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he slammed against the door with all his might and felt himself fall headlong into an unearthly dark, dreary hall.

"Strange," he muttered, "I never expected the door to be unlocked. Wonder where a light is."

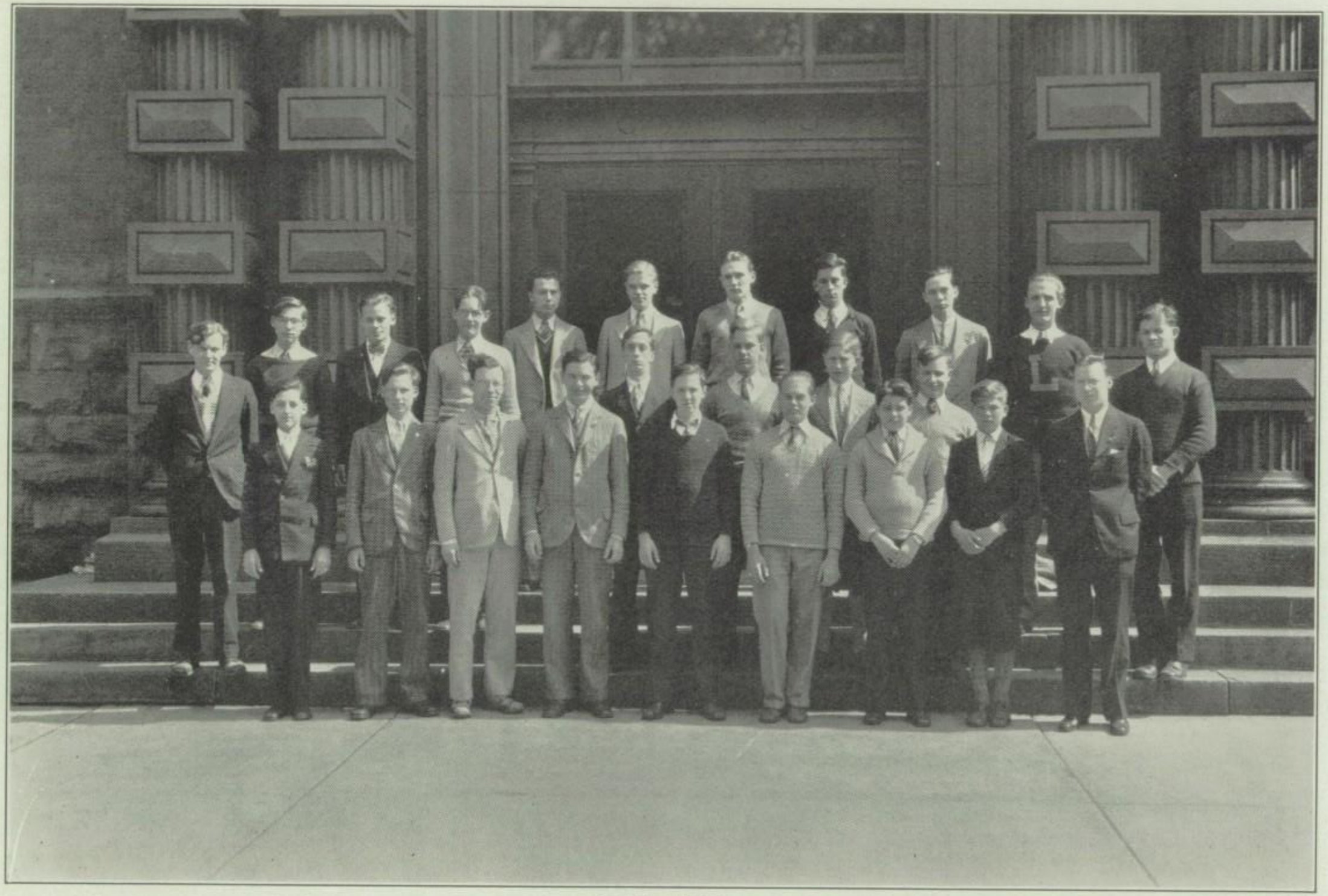
Groping around for several seconds his hand at length came in contact with a small push button. Andy pressed it and saw.....

Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Was he mad? At the minute the huge light sprang to life the somber, pitch dark hall blossomed into a scene of beauty, magnificence, and splendor. Everywhere were costly relics, curios from all parts of the world, gorgeous jewels. Andy gasped with sheer amazement. Never had he seen such loveliness, such radiance! The hall itself seemed alive with glory. Rich tapestries covered the floor and a huge clock, studded with diamonds, ticked ponderously away.

Anxious for a view of something rational Andy staggered to the door and attempted to fling it open. The door would not budge!

Finally glimmers of common sense penetrated Andy's dazed mind. His newspaper instinct returned with full force. Why, here was something worth writing about. Out came the pad. For a time nothing was heard but the intermittent scratching of Andy's pencil.

A soft, stealthy footstep sounded in an adjacent room. Andy raised his eyes



GLEE CLUB

and there standing in the door was six feet of splendid manhood. A young fellow he was, not more than nineteen. Of a rather reserved, silent manner he instantly commanded attention and to a small extent, respect. Andy took an instant liking to his dark complexion and finely molded features.

Tension was snapped by a wide grin appearing on Andy's freckled face. "How do you do," he said, "Pardon me for taking such a liberty with your home. I'm Andy Rath from the Daily Sun at Tuczon. If you are Mr. Francis Seaman, I will request the honor of an interview with you."

The face of the stranger lit up in reply, "I presume you are looking for my father. I'm just Jack Seaman, at your service. I'm afraid you will have to wait for quite a while. You see, my father has been ill for the last few days and even I haven't seen him. Mother and he had planned to go motoring yesterday and so with the doctor's permission, father went. They are expected back some time this evening. I wish you would stay. I like company. Strange as it may seem to you," here his face clouded, "my father doesn't like me and allows me to know no one."

Impulsively Andy held out his hand. "Sure, I'll stay."

"Come with me then."

Arm in arm, the two new friends sauntered into an immense living room, even more splendid than the hall. Andy held his breath waiting for some explanation of all this. However, none came. His companion seemed to be sunk into a state of lethargy and once more a strange, supernatural atmosphere surrounded him.

"Uncanny," he thought to himself.

"Sit down and I will go see if dinner is served," broke in Jack.

Silently, he disappeared from the room. Noise seemed to be absent from any part of this place. Reverently Andy eyed his costly surroundings mentally taking note of each separate article. A hot wave of indignation swept over him. It sure was unfair for some people to have so much and he nothing.

A cat-like tread resounded outside of the door. An instant later Jack's familiar outline was revealed. His face was extremely haggard and drawn but he volunteered no information. Merely, "Follow me. Dinner is ready."

During the ensuing half hour Andy learned a number of details concerning Jack's life. The young man had just returned from a famous school in England where he had been since he was ten years old. His mother was dead and since his stepmother hated him his father had been forced to send him to this school. He had not even known what his parent and stepmother looked like until several weeks before when they met him on his homecoming.

Andy's trained mind detected a hint of mystery somewhere. Such happenings as these were far too preposterous.

Just then an interruption took place in the form of a servant, the queerest, most hideous looking human being Andy had ever beheld. Of a dwarfish stature, hunch back, and a cruel, gluttonous cast of countenance, the man was evil personified. Eyes of fiendish cunning glared impudently at Andy and the misshapen mouth was twisted into a horrible grin, distorting his whole face. After him appeared two people whom Andy correctly judged to be Mr. and Mrs. Seaman. Here also

another unpleasant surprise awaited him. In place of the refined, gentle pair he had hoped to see, there were a man and woman whose cruelty, slyness, and shrewdness were so apparent that it dimmed the fiery glow of the handsome room. Everything took on a loathsome aspect of dreariness and evil spirits seemed to be abroad. A creepy sensation possessed Andy and he unashamedly confessed to himself that he was afraid. A recurring sense of familiarity, however, haunted the young man. Had he seen this precious pair before?

There was a profound silence, yet Andy knew glances of undiguised hostility were being levelled at him. Happening to glance at Jack he saw the boy's face was painfully red and this Andy shrewdly surmised was due to shame and anger. Haltingly, he made introductions and shortly afterwards, amid a stillness of profound enmity, the group swept back into the living room.

Here they sat saying nothing. An eery atmosphere hovered everywhere. Andy could almost see black shadows sneaking up around him. Apparently he was not the only one ill at ease for Mr. and Mrs. Seaman acted nervous and fidgety.

Bang! The door bell pealed as loud as a pistol shot. Andy's whole body jerked as he grew tense with caution.

A crafty look flitted for an instant over Mr. Seaman's face. Alertly he arose and stalked toward the door, his whole countenance now a complete blank.

Suddenly a warning sound buzzed in Andy's ear. He turned and there behind him with a leveled revolver stood Mr. Seaman!

"Don't move until I see who's at the door!" the deadly voice admonished, calmly, coldly.

Strange to say, Andy never felt his faculties more keenly alert than at this moment. He glanced quickly around and saw that Jack stood speechless, too amazed to move. Andy carelessly dropped his hand in his pocket feeling there a small gun which he usually carried. If only something would distract Mr. Seaman's unerring gaze for an instant.

Suddenly, without a second's warning, Jack Seaman sprang right at his father. Andy's moment had come. Without an instant's hesitation he jerked out his gun. He would have to act fast to save Jack's life. He pulled the trigger and suddenly heard another noise. He felt a searing pain in his left side and then oblivion!

Andy's eyes slowly opened. Memory returned with a rush and jumping up from the couch on which he lay, he glanced quickly around.

"How are you feeling now, Andy?" broke in a familiar boyish voice, "A bullet accidentally happened to graze you but you'll be all right."

Wanly Andy smiled back, his interest being greatly attracted by the heated conversation going on between a tall, aristocratic stranger and Mr. and Mrs. Seaman who were in handcuffs surrounded by several forbidding looking policemen.

"I accuse you of being an impostor and kidnapping my son, Harry Lancey," the stranger was pointing an accusing finger at the prisoner.

Snarling, the man replied, "And what if I did? You once refused to save me from bankruptcy, didn't you? Oh yes, you thought because I got started up in business again that I had forgotten. But I never forget. Sure, I kidnapped Jack and I'm proud of it."

Everyone was too busy to notice the now busy Andy.

"And so you were the one who sent me that bogus telegram supposed to be from my aunt announcing the death of my uncle and calling me to London immediately. I see it all now. You wanted to get me out of the way so you could pose as me and meet Jack at the station just before we sailed. To think that you would turn traitor to me, you whom I regarded as a friend." The real Francis Seaman's voice shook with anger.

Defiantly the imposter sneered, "Why did you tell all of us who were dining at your home one night that Jack was coming and on what train he would arrive? You shouldn't have been so conceited that you had to brag about your wonderful home and its costly articles. But," he questioned darkly, "how did you know Jack was here?

"Why, he sent a postal card to one of his friends back in school. Didn't you know that? The school at once communicated with me."

All eyes were turned on the blushing Jack who had practically forgotten the incident.

"Don't praise me, praise Andy here," stoutly maintained the young man. "If he hadn't shot this thief in his right arm he might have been able to escape."

Attention was thus called to Andy upon whom they gazed in undisguised astonishment. The young man was just finishing what appeared to be a lengthy manuscript and a low chuckle of satisfaction escaped him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed happily, "what a scoop this will make for my paper. That means a raise and then—"

No longer were Andy's thoughts on his paper and he was entirely unconscious of the people around him. He looked up and his eyes seemed to be fixed on some one in the distance. The vision of a merry, black eyed girl appeared before him and he at last realized that his fondest dream was coming true.

* * *

ROMANCE

Ruthea J. Abkarian, '31

William Wetherby sat in morbid dejection upon the side of his un-slept-in cot. His luxuriant, brown curls were rumpled poetically over his brow, and a wild light gleamed in his usually gentle blue eyes.

"Gwendolyn!" he murmured bitterly. "Gwendolyn, how could you!" With disillusioned eyes he gazed at the two photographs in his hands, one displaying a handsome set of teeth, the other with mouth pensively pursed and one eyelid lowered. Both were labeled largely, "Gwendolyn."

Bill prolonged his horrible agony a moment longer, then there was a tearing sound, and the two Gwendolyns, neatly halved, lay in the waste basket. With head bowed, Fate's victim dismantled the walls, which were chiefly covered with likenesses of Gwendolyn, in both toothy and pensive poses. His task accomplished, and the waste supply noticeably increased, William gave himself up to funereal thoughts.

"Hey, Bill, here's a whole flock of special delivery letters for you, and breakfast goes on in ten minutes—what's the matter? Well, for cryin' tears! Your girl turn you down again?"

Bill turned savagely upon his roommate. "Will you kindly—Whoops! Pancakes for breakfast?" he finished, his nose crinkling ecstatically as he absently opened his letters.

"Holy Mackerel! He's got it," whispered Bill in an awed voice, looking up from the scrawled page.

"Got what, the itch?" brightly queried the erring comrade, meticulously parting his hair before the chiffonier mirror.

"No, this is worse. Harold, my brother, the big bully who used to beat me up in my infancy. Oh, well, he's got his now—but just the same—Oh, why did I ever speak crossly to you, Harold? And now, it is too late—"

The roommate grew pale. "It's not—he isn't—dead? Gee, old man—"

"No," replied Bill thickly, "he's engaged—to the most gorgeously divine creature on this or any other planet. Adjectives cannot describe her pure beauty, her daintiness, and so forth. Anyhow, I've got to go home and give my approval, or the old egg won't die happy."

* * *

Bill slowly pressed his foot down on the accelerator, as the smooth road rolled up to meet him. A gypsy breeze stirred his curls, now neatly combed in place. The sky was a blue awning, stretching down to meet the calm Pacific. The world was indeed a beautiful place, and he had not been called upon in math that morning.

The dreamer's deep peace was rudely interrupted by a shrill scream. As he stepped on the break he became cognizant of the fact that a smart red roadster had halted beside the road, and in this a man and a girl were struggling. Even as he watched, amazed, the car door burst open, and the feminine warrior was flung out upon the grassy roadside.

Jarred into action, Bill leaped over his lowered windshield and reached the running board of the little red car as it lurched forward. With a quick movement he hauled the squirming, clawing individual from the driver's seat, and after a well-aimed blow deposited him beside the road. Then he bent over the girl, who lay gasping for breath on the grass. His first quick look turned into a round-eyed stare. A halo of coppery-brown curls surrounded her piquant little face. Pale, but with rose-flushed cheeks, and an adorably curved mouth, she opened her starry gray eyes, and Bill was drowned in their depths. As he lifted her to her feet he held her in his arms for a moment. Like a feather she was, to arms that had rowed a university to victory.

And then she spoke. "Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she asked. But Bill heard her through a haze. The blood was pounding in his ears, and he was saying to himself "her eyes—her eyes." Beautiful poems, suddenly full of new meaning, were rushing turbulently through his brain, and her voice, as it rippled on, was like crystal water bubbling over pebbles.

"Oh, gosh!" muttered Bill dazedly, "I must be in love."

After they had driven the red roadster to the nearest garage, the girl with the eyes rode into town with Bill. And what was wrong with Bill, the ladies' man, so adept at wise-cracking and compliments? He sat strangely tongue-tied, still telling himself about her eyes.

"What's your name?" queried the girl at length, in such a shy, little-girl manner that Bill at once felt himself a worldly he-man.

"William W. Wetherby's the name. Sorry I haven't my cardcase, but here's my hand."

The girl grasped it with a nice, white hand. "And what are you doing in this God-forsaken place, where croo-el villians try to make pretty little girls come across with Reo roadsters?"

Bill slouched dejectedly behind the wheel. "I'm on my way home to see the 'most gorgeously divine creature on this or any other planet. Adjectives cannot describe her pure beauty and daintiness," he chanted, from memory.

"Wh-what?"

"Oh, my brother's in love. Imagine loving a girl named Lizzie,—Lizzie Ford at that. Why, I bet she's a regular old Model T, with a bolt loose in her engine."

The girl laughed understandingly. "Yes, it must be terrible to lose such a brother as—as a brother of yours must be."

Bill looked into her eyes again, and felt a revolving motion in his head. "What did you say the name was?" he asked, merely for the sake of saying something. (One couldn't just sit there like a log and think about eyes.)

"Beth," enunciated the silvery voice distinctly. "Short for Elizabeth."

"'Beth,'" repeated Bill hazily. "Gee, what a pretty name!" As he felt his ears grow red under her warm gaze, he lapsed into uncomfortable silence once more.

"Well, Billy, here's my stop—and can I ever thank you for what you have done? That old tramp! Imagine him turning on me like that, after I was kind enough to give him a lift."

"Gee, Beth, there is one little favor you could render me." Bill was regaining his speech in the pain of parting.

"What is this little favor, Bill?"

"What do you say to a dinner next week, and a trip to all the low dives of the city?"

"All right by me, laddie. Now I've simply got to rush. Thanks loads!"

"But Beth—how can we arrange—"

"Never you mind the hows and wheres—you'll see pretty soon."

With mouth and eyes wide open Bill sat and gazed after her slim little figure, topped by the gleaming aureole that shone gold in the setting sun. A policeman pausing suspiciously on his beat heard him murmuring vaguely, "Her eyes—her eyes—"

Reaching his domicile, Bill received scant attention, which fact Bill regarded in the light of a blessing. The house was in a subdued uproar over the approaching hour when Harold was to bring his fiancee to meet the family. Bill took no share

in the excitement. He sat in the dusky living room, his vivid imagination conjuring up the scenes of the afternoon. But now Beth wore a flowing gown of turquoise blue velvet, and he bestrode a snowy Pegasus. After he had conquered the cruel villian, Beth came toward him with the glory of her hair reflected on her face. "Oh, Bill," she cried, in her lovely voice, "Bill, darling!"

With a start Bill sat up and and shook his head, but the vision persisted. With arms outstretched, Beth was tripping across the red and green living room carpet. This was no dream!

"Of course, I knew as soon as you told your name, but I thought it would be such a nice surprise for tonight. You're going to be my own brother, aren't you, Bill?"

Ghastly reality! Bill did not need Harold's proud "This is my little girl" to tell him the truth. He turned abruptly and fled to the haven of the cool side porch. Beth's gay voice babbled on. A lovely voice? She sounded like a parrot! And what made starry gray eyes? Just a lack of pigment!

"Women." growled, Bill, forlornly. "I'm through with women!"

THE COLDMORE MASCOT

Leslie Gunby, '31

The roar of the crew's sixty thousand voices was lost to the ears of Poochy Davison and the eight other men to whom he cried continually with an ever quickening call as the slim shell drew near the end of the grueling four miles. Seven other shells of the same unity and grace of line might have been counted beside this particular one.

Five races had been entered by Coldmore's crew preceding this fatal one and five had been won. This year Coldmore was aiming to have her shell win the sectional meet and then journey eastward to be a newcomer in that great annual race sensation on the Hudson River. Bad luck now seemed to drive out every hope. While doing some repair work on the proverbial dormitory flivver, which was used by everyone and had been donated by a lucky fellow who had received a Buick on his birthday, Buck Hamillson, stroke on Coldmore's varsity, had strained his back and had been forbidden to do any more crew work that year. Poochy Davison, therefore, had a good reason to be deaf to the mighty crowd's cheers for in front of him at the important position of stroke sat a rookie from the freshman squad. Poochy was having a hard time with his crew who had been greatly disheartened by Hamillson's injury.

Poochy Davison was a true coxswain, a nervous little fellow of 112 pounds with dynamic energy, a loud voice and lashing tongue, a ready and flashing smile, a pleasing personality, a sense of wit and a character judge and mind reader. It was his third year as coxswain on Coldmore's crew and for two of the three years Coldmore had not won a race.

At the beginning of the 1929 season, prospects for the crew had been pleasant, once more only to be broken up by the antics of an old third hand college flivver.

After crew practice one evening just five weeks and three days before Cold-

more's varsity, which practiced in a sheltered bay on the Pacific coast in Oregon, would start its five day trip to the famous Hudson regatta, Poochy Davison was walking moodily along the beach about a mile from the Coldmore dormitories in Marshfield thinking over Coldmore's chances for winning on the Hudson as he had been continually doing since Hamillson had been injured.

He glanced with a despairing countenance out over those ever-cheerful and friendly waves where the varsity had so often praticed, and saw a figure in a dory apparently pulling in a line from the bay waters from which he occasionally flipped a gleaming fish into the boat. As he always did in these days of anxiety, Poochy looked the stranger over for possible crew qualities and happily found them abundant, broad shoulders which gave an impression of strength, narrow hips and perfect balance in the dangerously rocking small boat. Then he remembered that Johnny Morrison, his roommate and boon companion had spoken that morning of a student at Coldmore, from Vancouver, who was trying to work his way through college by fishing in the bay. At the time Poochy had remarked that the fellow certainly had nerve to try such a novel, though none the less practical thing. Now, however, he was anxious to meet this giant who was now rowing with perfect and free strokes toward the tiny dots of lighted windows which were in the university buildings.

The following day, Poochy cut his morning classes and found the young fisherman's record in the registry office. He learned that the student from Vancouver was named Horace Stone and was elegible for any sport with his high marks in a difficult engineering course. He hunted Stone out that noon and accosted him with some unconsequential chatter, finally making an appointment with him for that evening.

After dinner that night five weeks and three days before the final, great race, Poochy literally found Horace Stone, who proved himself to be a far greater stroke than Hamillson had ever been. Coldmore quickly turned from a doubtful candidate for the Hudson regatta to a decided "Black Horse" from the West, simultaneously with Stone's first appearance in the varsity crew. After that Poochy had little trouble in getting the best out of his crew for they were confident in Stone and themselves but were constantly warned by Coach Huntington of the necessity of steady and hard training. Coach Huntington had given eighteen years of his life developing Coldmore's crews and now nearly an old man he could see a possibility of the answer to his dreams. A victory on the mighty Hudson!

Once again that old trickster "Luck" turned against the Coldmore crew and Stone, the star of the sporting world for the past five weeks was called home. His mother had become seriously ill and Stone had returned to Vancouver as he had done once before during the school year. No one at school began to worry until two days before the crew was to leave for West Point, but then telegrams were sent to Stone and everyone was praying for his return. Stone did not return and the crew men, who had learned to depend upon his leadership, were disheartened. Before they left for the East the crew knew that he would not set the pace on the Hudson and they thought all was lost.

* * *

The Coldmore eight had just returned from its trial spurt which preceeded the big varsity race. No one word had been received from Stone and a second string man Johnny Wells was taking his place, determined to give all he had to give. The eight crews lined up, under the observation of the official boat and each crew was ready simultaneously to dip their oars into the rather choppy water at the sound of the second gun-shot. A sudden roar from Coldmore's small cheering section made all the crews and officials look shoreward. Seven of the crews and all of the officials looked away again when they saw only a seriously bedraggled bum, standing on the projecting dock, frantically waving his arms at them. The Coldmore crew, however, gave a shout of joy, nearly upsetting their graceful little craft, for in that drawn, haggard face and that well-proportioned body they recognized Stone who seemed to have been delivered to them by some unknown power.

The race was delayed ten minutes and the Coldmore shell was swiftly rowed over the short distance to shore. Stone carefully climbed into his place but without his usual pep and gave each one of his team mates a tired but full and friendly smile. Once more the eight crews lined up but now one of them was supremely confident in the skill and endurance of their key man and incidentally more confident in themselves.

That race of 1929 will never be forgotten by those who saw it. In the first three miles Annapolis led the way, seconded by Washington University, then Army and fourth was Coldmore's eight. Then all of a sudden Stone of Coldmore began to try to regain five lengths. Steadily Coldmore forged ahead past the Army crew, who tried to hold them, past Washington and were finally bow to bow with Annapolis. They were approaching a wide automobile bridge which was a sinister reminder that only one-quarter of a mile remained of the original four miles. They flashed under the bridge and everyone on shore held his breath only to let it out with a gasp when he saw Coldmore one-half length ahead. Annapolis had given her best in that last minute and now her shell dropped far back to third place leaving Coldmore to cross that final foot of terrific strain a winner by over two lengths.

Poochy Davison was a stunned man for he had seen a exhibition of the greatest endurance and self-sacrifice possible in that man who had entered the race breathless and with every muscle aching. Horace Stone now slid down in his seat swooning from utter exhaustion. No one knew how he had got to West Point nor why he was so tired, until the crew, in its hilarious joy, parading the campus, walked behind the boat house and saw an object which they immediately recognized from long acquaintance, although it was so demolished as to be almost unrecognizable. It was the old dormitory flivver and they suddenly understood that Stone had traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic in less than one hundred hours in an old car which now had three flat tires and a missing fender, they tried to start it but it only gave a mournful wheeze and died out. Solemnly they left it with much thought for it had been the cause of their first disaster but also their friend in need and each one had a soft place in his heart for the old car.

Meanwhile Coxswain Davison and Coach Huntington had found that Horace Stone was very ill and in a serious condition resulting from over-exhaustion. He had returned to Coldmore college from his home and finding the crew gone, had taken the flivver and driven to West Point. This prompt action was characteristic of Stone and the result was a marvelous victory for Coldmore but Stone had paid dearly.

* * *

Five days later the Coldmore crew left for home. Their hero was with them, a bit wobbly perhaps but happy as any of them over a queer looking crated object—the partly dismantled parts of the faithful old flivver destined to be set up on the campus as a motionless mascot for future victory.

IN THE FUTURE

Woodrow W. Lucas, '31

The city editor of the New York Transcript was reclining in a most undignified position in his chair. The last edition of the newspaper was on the press and the editor was smoking a cigar, his feet resting on a large desk. At peace with the world, he had taken these few minutes rest from his nerve racking job of getting the editions out on time.

Suddenly a bell rang on his desk. His secretary announced that Professor Brown wished to see him. Reluctantly the editor consented to the interview and a small elderly gentleman was ushered into his presence. The man looked around the room and seeing no one else present, said:

"Perhaps you will doubt my words and ridicule me when I tell you I have invented a 'time machine' by which I may carry myself forward in time five hundred to a thousand years. Learned scientists have agreed that such a machine was possible but no one had perfected one. For the last fifteen years, from 1934 till last year, I had been at work trying to invent such a machine. At last I have succeeded."

"What!" exclaimed the editor, "You mean to tell me that you have invented a machine by which you may advance in time and see what state the world is in one thousand years from now? How do you know that your machine is a success?"

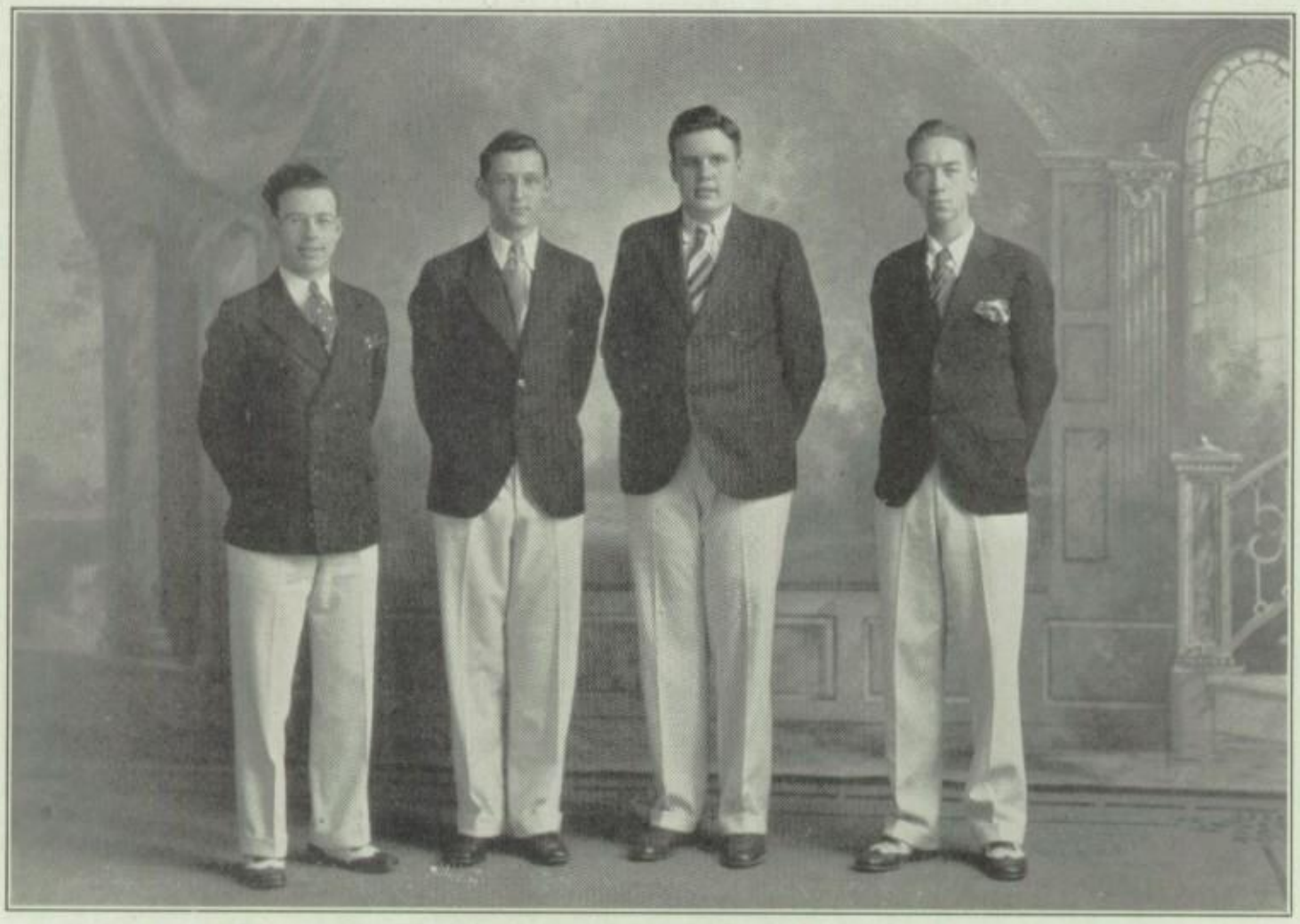
"That is exactly what I came to you about," replied the professor. "I have taken a trip in the machine already and have seen the world as it will be in the year 2550."

* * *

Here started the most weird story ever told to mortal ears, and as you read it, you shall exclaim, as did the editor, at such a tale. You shall probably doubt the veracity of the story as did the city editor, but you shall be more than convinced of the truthfulness when the professor shows . . . . ; but let's not go ahead of the story, but let's hear what the professor had to say in his own words.

* * *

"It was last September," he began, "when I finally decided to take the trip. My machine was ready and the batteries charged with a new fluid I had invented. So, on the twenty-first day of September, 1949, I entered the machine at dusk,



MALE QUARTETTE

CHICAGO GROUP

and pulled the starting lever. There was a blinding crash and then everything went black. I don't know how long I was unconscious, but I finally revived. I know now that I was in a state of suspended animation, due to the action of certain light rays, while I was in the machine. When I revived I found myself on an odd-shaped building, constructed thru-out of some unknown metal. I looked about me and found that metal creatures, having only one eye in the middle of their heads, were surrounding me. Needless to say, I was somewhat perturbed. All at once a voice addressed me. I did not at first understand the language but I soon began to comprehend it. This language was a curious combination of French, English, German and some Latin.

"The voice, I discovered, came from the chest of a metal man, (who looked somewhat like robots, the so-called mechanical men of our time.)

"This metal man, I concluded, was commanding me to follow him, which I proceeded to do, having no other course to take.

"While walking along, following these queer men, I heard a noise above me which sounded like escaping steam, and upon looking up, saw a mammoth airship sailing along in the sky. This ship, I later learned, was only one of the two hundred ships in daily trips to Europe and Asia. One thing I noticed was the total absence of any automobiles of our time. All traffic was in the air. Small airships, reminding me of the 'flivvers' of Mr. Ford, were darting about in the air. There was no sound of roaring gasoline engines as in our time, and I do not know in what manner these ships were propelled.

"Coming down to earth, as it were, from my trance which settled upon me by my gaze of admiration and wonder, I found myself walking into a building which had on the outside the Latin word, 'Dux'. I concluded that this was some government building or office of some leader of the people. A metal-man ushered me into the presence of a little man, about four feet tall, with a large forehead and small, bright shining eyes. He was clad in a single piece suit of silvery cloth, and had a helmet on his head.

" 'What country are you from?' he asked, in a mixed tongue which I understood fairly well because of my knowledge of the aforementioned languages.

" 'The United States of America," I replied.

" 'United States, that country went out of existence five hundred years ago when we came down from Mars in our Airockets and conquered the world. How did you happen to remain here?' he asked.

"I explained to him about my 'time machine,' but was careful to avoid details because I wished to have my machine ready for an instant return to 1949.

"The Martian seemed friendly enough to me, so I was not worried, but I had a peculiar sensation that bode no good for me. Suddenly the Martian turned to a box at his side and turned on a switch. A metallic voice responded and the 'chief', as I came to call him, spoke rapidly into the machine. I did not understand much of his speech but I concluded that he had given some kind of order. Soon two metal-men entered the room. The chief turned to me and said,

" 'These are your companions. You shall not suffer any harm but always have these men at your side. They are possessed of intelligence equal to yours. At evening, return to me; I shall have a building given over for your use'.

"He then turned around and began talking into the machine again. I saw that I was dismissed and was free to look around, so I walked out with my two queer companions.

"I was anxious to converse with these metal-men so I asked the one on my right what the name of this city was.

"A metallic voice answered, 'This is the Mars colony x64'.

"The Martians, it seemed, called these conquered cities, colonies and numbered them.

"As yet I had not seen many living persons and no female Martians. Being curious I asked a metal-man, 'Where are all the Martian women?'

"The metal-man answered, 'The Martian women are very beautiful and are never seen on the street like women in former times. Our women are a home-loving race and are far more interested in their work and children than women you are accustomed to. Don't expect to meet any of them during your visit here.'

"I was surprised at this statement and I was curious to see what these women looked like. I was walking that evening past a large white marble building and as I gazed upward I saw on a balcony, a Martian woman.

"What a woman! She looked as if she had been transplanted from the old Greecian age. A long flowing robe covered her completely, and her golden hair fell in ringulets over her shoulders. Her face was that of a Greek goddess. Character was molded in her face and she appeared to possess unusual vitality. While the Martian chief had appeared to be learned, yet his body was weak. This woman, in contrast, was tall and strong.

"The woman turned and smiled at me. Then she entered the building, and disappeared from sight.

"I went slowly back to my room where I was to spend the night. When I got back I asked the metal-man what the white marble building was.

"The Hall of Martia," he answered, "the home of the Martian women. Strangers are never allowed there and the severest penalties are inflicted on those who try to enter.'

" 'Well,' I thought to myself, 'I might take a chance.'

"That night I slept soundly, dreaming of the strange adventure I was participating in.

"The next day, when I awoke, the first thing I thought of was this woman I had seen the day before. Gosh, she *was* beautiful. I thought that I might get a chance to speak to her if I saw her again, so I wandered toward the women's building. My luck was good and my heart accelerated when I saw her looking at me over the balcony.

"Suddenly, feeling reckless, I ran up a stairway and reached the balcony. I talked with her for a few moments and I learned that her name was Titia. When

she looked at me I had a funny feeling all over me. Perhaps I was mistaken, but I thought I was in love with her.

"Soon she said in her silvery voice, 'I must go now. We are not allowed more than one hour's recreation on the balcony. After this we have many duties to perform in the building. We have to keep fit and strong by taking sunray treatments and various exercises.'

"I had never been what you might call a Romeo and women had had only a casual glance from me. I had never fallen in love until I met this Martian woman, but when I did, I fell hard!

"I felt I should tell her about my love and I did. I asked her if I could visit her at her home and she told me that I could if I wanted to run into a lot of danger.

"She said, 'Enter through that eastern door and go down a corridor on the right to the sixth door, open this and you are in my room'.

" 'I'll be there this evening, I said, as I left her with a light heart. If I had known what was going to happen that night I would have been just a little bit worried.

"About sunset I stole out of my room without my queer companions, the metal-men, and went down to the women's quarters. I entered the eastern door and went down the corridor. One, two, three, four, five doors I passed. Then I stopped. Hadn't Titia told me to open the fifth door? I was stumped! What a fool to forget which door it was. But, I entered the fifth door and came face to face with a large woman!

'So, you were the stranger we saw on the balcony with Titia! Come with me, your fate is sealed', she said, grabbing me with extraordinary strength and literally dragging me from the room. She took me into a large hall and I was brought up in front of a row of metal-men. All of these queer men had their faces turned toward me.

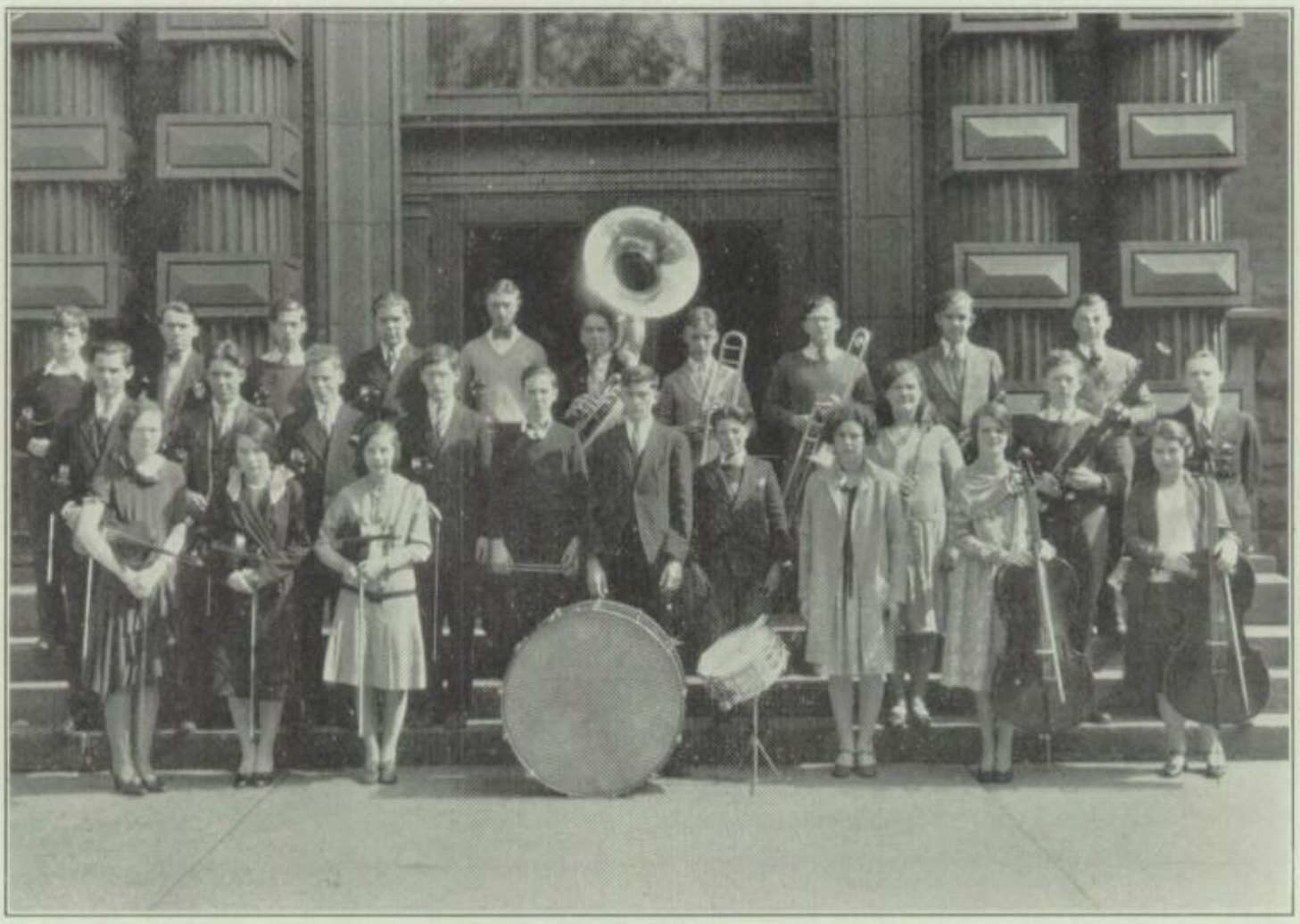
"Suddenly one of the metal-men arose and spoke.

'You have destroyed the trust that we have put in you. You knew it was wrong to enter the building, and moreover to make love to one of our women. Ordinarily, the penalty is death. However, as you are new to this world, we are not going to be so harsh. You shall be put away in the morgue in a semi-living state, and be kept there until the spring time each year, at which time you shall be revived and be with Titia for a week, as her husband, and after that week, you will be filed away again', he announced to me.

"What a punishment! Death seemed to me preferable to such a punishment. Separation from Titia! And the Morgue! I had never liked that word. It made me grow all hot and cold up and down my spine.

"What happened after that is not quite clear. I know I was taken to a surgical room where my arm was laid bare, and something stamped on it. Then all went dark.

"Whatever the Martians had done to me did not have a lasting effect. I do not know how long I had lain in the morgue. I looked around me and shuddered with



CONCERT ORCHESTRA

BRASS QUINTETTE

horror. Long rows of men, silent as the grave, lay on shelves beside me. I hastened to jump down off the shelf and what happened after that I do not know. Pushed on by terror, I must have, some way, some how, found a way out of the building and after eluding the Martians, found my time machine. A blinding crash and I awoke in 1949 at the same place that I started from.

* * *

The editor looked at the Professor and smiled. "Do you expect me to believe that story? Show me some proof and maybe . . . . ".

"Proof!" cried the Professor, "Look! What more proof do you want?"

On his bare arm, stamped in silver, was the awe inspiring message from the Martians, and 2550.

MARS—X64
(TITIA)

THE COUNTRY CHURCH'S LAST SERVICE

I can see black figures
Moving before the red blaze
As I stand pressed against the frozen window,
—so cold
I feel it burn my cheek.
People of every donomination
Speed to this terrible scene,
Like ants to a piece of discarded candy.
Never before have so many come—
Her last service is greatest.
What! The stars must be falling from heaven
So high are the sparks all around . .
The steeple becomes red hot . . .
It bursts into flame all at once;
Great fingers of fire
Write a horrible sermon
Against the black sky.
Oh! My God! They are fighting it
With ladders and buckets;
Modern pumps fail here. . . .
God, keep them safe—
My father, my brother, my darling—
If he burns fighting there . . .
But no,
Only my heart will die; his
I have safe with me here.

–Donna Ellis '30.

POETRY

CAMPFIRE

A point of fire in the night,
  A gleam of comfort through the dark,
A bit of cheer that's shining bright,
  A world of faith in one clear spark.
    A touch of red,
      A glint of white,
    A wisp of smoke,
      A cheering light.
Oh! Wee and sweet, as still, serene
  You shine, a flick'ring dot of joy.
Around you everyside shows green
  And brings sweet peace to man and boy.

—Francis Clifford '30.

AUTOMANIA

I have a wild desire
To ride like a streak of fire,
On a wide, wide road, free of load, free of care,
With the dark night around and the wind in my hair.
Under my foot, at the touch of my toe,
A hundred fleet horses impatient to go;
To roar up a hill, and to leap o'er the top
With a jeer at the Force which has tried them to stop!
Oh, say, have you felt, on a soft, spring eve,
Like riding away, without taking your leave?
Away! Drive away! From the regions of home
To old lands, and new lands, and countries unknown.
Across the wide world, for you and for me,
There is a place where we're due to be.
So come, let's go!
The world's so slow!
Run like the wild buck and leap like the doe!
With steady hands on a trusty wheel,
And steady eye; the dependable feel
Of a car that is made of the finest steel.
The highway beckons "Come on!" So go!

—George L. Day '30.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

I guess big sister's sure in love,
'Cause she mopes around all day,
And acts just like our old, black cat
When we took her kits away.
She didn't even touch her pie—
But she wouldn't let me eat it
And when I tried to read her mail,
She just yelled at me, "You beat it!"
Lately she's been acting dumb,
Can't see the reason why.
Every time her fellow comes,
Twinkles light her eye.
And when the great, big, red-haired gawk
Came up last night, by-gee!
Sis asked me to take a walk,
Just as sweet as she could be.
When I said, "Guess I'll stay awhile,"
She gave my foot a shove—
But she sent me her sweetest smile.
What is this thing called love?

—Norma Blake '30.

MORNING THOUGHTS

I stood upon a tiny hill, and mused
  In the early dawn of morn;
The air was cool, and the lofty clouds
  Were like a flock of sheep, newshorn.
Above these towered a gnarled tree
  Bent with the burdens of age,
But the pink-white buds which it upheld,
  More than old age repaid.
To one side a merry, tinkling brook
  Flowed swiftly mid banks of green,
And God's messengers, from leafy boughs
  Sang wondrous songs, themselves unseen.
And it seemed to me as I stood there musing,
  The goodness within me stirred,
And I felt the power of the great Unknown
  Had sent the world something majestic, superb!
And I know that the world was better that morn
  Because of the beauty God freely gave,
And I knelt on my knees in silent prayer
  To thank Him for all He made.

—Annette Fogle '33.

PLAYING THE GAME

Have you learned how to take a victory?
Can you smile in the face of defeat?
When the other fellow is winning,
Can you stand the temptation to cheat?
When the battle seems the hardest,
And you know that you can't win,
Do you give up and get discouraged?
Or do you smile and start in again?
When you know the game is all over
And the other fellow has won,
Can you still wear a smile for the victor?
If you can, you're a man, my son!
The Game of Life is the hardest
For in this game you must fight,
And there's only one way to finish—
The sportsman-like way is the right.

—By Loraine M. Sinclair '30.

CICERO

One night I woke up in a dream
  My heart was fluttering so
For there just right upon a beam
  Hung Marcus Cicero.

Beside him stood dear Archias
  With Pompey at his feet
Said he, "You do not like my friends
  Whom I want you to meet."

I heard a hissing whisper then
  And saw a brutal line
Of wicked men and at the head
  Stood vicious Catiline.

He made a dive at Cicero
  Who quickly at a beck
From Archias just whizzed around
  And wrung him by the neck.

"Get out of here and stay away,"
  He tossed him to his gang
Which caused them all to fall downstairs
  A crashing, deafening bang.

Once more the voice of Cicero
  Appalled me as he said,
"I see that you know Pompey here
  Who killed the pirates dead."

"You haven't treated him so nice
  And let me tell you now
That if you don't get Archias
  There's bound to be a row."

This dreadful, buzzing, warning sound
  Went ringing to each ear
I heard a groan and shut my eyes
  Just paralyzed with fear.

But when I opened them again
  No vision did I see
Yet dawn found me with Latin books
  All propped in front of me.

—Anne Ellis '30.

SENIOR C

JUNIOR C

LASS

LASS

GRANDMA

Eyebrows pencilled, face a chalky white,
Lips both carmined—grandma's quite a sight.
Sleeps till sundown; out after dark,
Likes to play the cabarets when she's on a lark
Cruises in a rumble-seat, all around the town,
And gets a lot of gin stains on her evening gown.
Grandpa pays her alimony, quite a fancy price,
But he gets back his money by grandma's shooting dice.

—William J. Robinson '30.

JUST SUPPOSE

Just suppose every day were a holiday
And none of us had to toil,
We could eat and drink and be merry,
And live a life that was royal.
Just suppose we had millions of dollars—
Great fortunes of money to spend,
We could live in the midst of plenty
And our luxury would never end.
Just suppose we could live in a castle
With servants at our command;
We could have everything that we wanted,
Everything came on demand.
Do you think that you could be happy
With all those pleasures in store?
No, my friend, let me tell you,
It takes more than that—much more.
Just suppose you hadn't a friend in the world
And your very influence were bad,
Do you think that you could be happy
When loved ones around you were sad?
So never count on an easy life
Or money,—they both bring tears,
But a friend is your greatest treasure
And will last throughout the years.

—By Loraine M. Sinclair '30.

GR, R, R,

He growled;
He slipped.
The first remained;
The other left.

A lover,
A dog,
Encountered each other
In a fog. —Roy Bass '30.

NEW THINGS

"Oh, show us, tell us, sing us something new!"
The thronging people cry.
"Without New things each day, humanity
Of stagnant soul must die."
The wise regarding men behind the scenes
Who set new styles for thought,
And tin-pan alley, atheists, the like,
Upon the floodtide swept
To the gullible public sell their petty quips,
Who, though they thought so hard
To dig them up, would be chagrined to find
That their big drawing card
Was just a lot of bosh which ages past
Long since disproved!
But God, we thank thee for the splendid men
Who open minds have moved
That men anew may live the aged truth
And follow its gleaming light!
And thank thee too for men who serve elsewise;
Who brought the world from night
Of ignorance, and savage hates, and war
And superstitious fright.
The men who gave a world enslaved by wealth
Industrial democracy;
Who freed us from our round of petty tasks
With willing Energy;
Who tied with ether cords all earth as one
A common fathered family
We pray for men to come and carry on
And fight undauntedly.
Not creedless men, who needs must press their own
Their independence show
But men who do not fear to live themselves
The guiding truth they know.

—George L. Day

"MISS CHERRYBLOSSOM"

"Miss Cherryblossom," this year's edition of the annual musical comedy presented by the combined musical clubs under the direction of Mondel Ely Butterfield, was enacted on Friday evening, March 14. The presentation was one of superlative excellence; the catchy, haunting musical themes and rythms, the attractive, gay costumes and the colorful scenery provided a charming background to the vivid action of the drama. With enlarged choruses from both the Glee and Choral Clubs assisting in the presentation of some of the more rythmatic numbers, with the Concert Orchestra of 25 pieces providing the musical accompaniment, and with the well chosen and excellently trained personnel, the offering was a success from every point of consideration.

The plot revolved about the love affair of John Henry Smith, a fastidious young New Yorker visiting Japan, and Cherryblossom, a New York society maiden brought up as a Japanese girl. The character of Cherryblossom was portrayed by Dorothy Abbott in a manner which won her a great deal of appreciation from the audience. Jack Deeringer as John Smith also creditably enacted his role. A similar affair of the heart was in progress between Henry Foster Jones, a pal of Jack, and Jessica Vanderpool. Charles Moore as Jones and Irene Shimer as Jessica displayed considerable talent in their respective roles, and their love affair seriously rivalled that of the leading characters as regards audience interest. Kokemo, a tea garden proprietor, characterized by Leslie McDermott, in commiting a "comedy of errors" in his use of the English language, provided the comedy of the performance; "Mac" has a certain idiosyncratic ability in his speech which enables him to throw an audience into gales of laughter with his dialectical peculiarities. George Day portraying Togo, a Japanese politician of high rank, by virtue of his magnanimous manner and comic facial grimaces, furnished additional comedy; George's clever acting was a high spot of the play. The acting of William Dale as Worthington's private secretary and Lyle Grimble as Horace Worthington, a stock broker on whose yacht the Japan trip is being made, deserves much commendation. And so the dual love affairs progress through the storms and calms of courtship; in the end, love must find a way and so right triumphs and Cherry and Jack, Harry and Jessica enter into connubial felicity.

Acknowledgements must be made to the technical staff for their superb work; Ethel Reid Scagel, Dramatics, Lorraine Hamilton, Costumes, Lorraine Martin, Dancing, Ralph Giddings, Scenery, Gordon Coventry, Stage Manager, and George Retallack, Electrician. Each fulfilled his duties in an enviable manner, and indubitably, much of the credit for the success of the presentation hinged upon the work of these people. Mr. Butterfield is to be congratulated and felicitated for his clever work in cooperating such a tremendous cast and in conducting so splendidly the performance. We only hope that it will be our good fortune to again witness next year another presentation of the same calibre as that of this year.

LAST

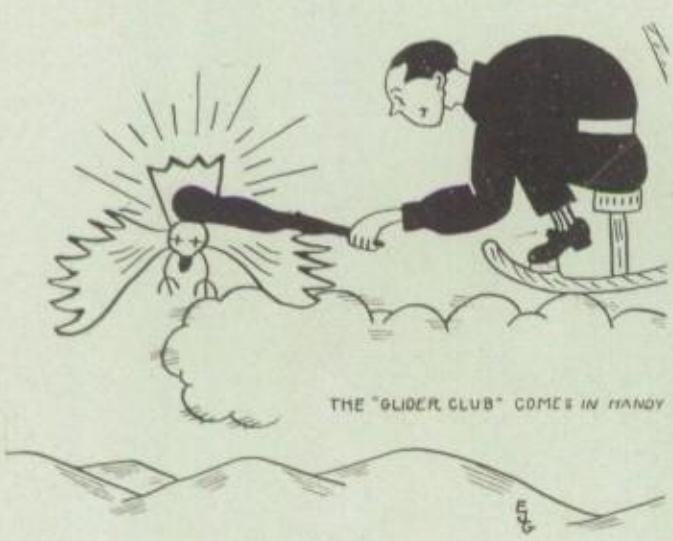
-HERE GOES NOTHING-

"SLIDE STOLL, SLIDE"

I AM "LITTLE ROY HAUSAUER—"

"I'M FOLLOWING YOU"

LAFS

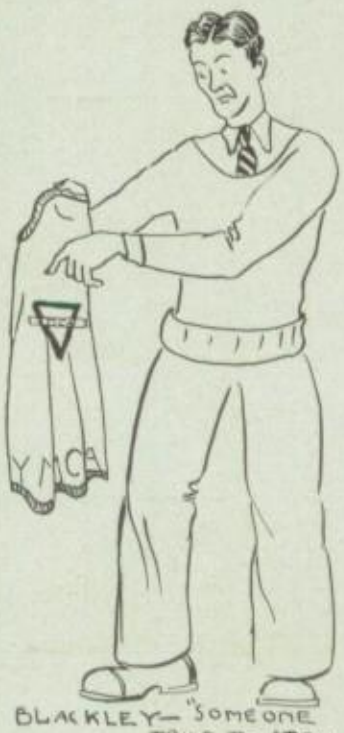


THE "GLIDER CLUB" COMES IN HANDY

"OUR GOLF BUG"
RETALLACK

OLD MAN "FATE"
LOOKING OVER
OUR RECORD

WHEN JIMMEY
GROWS
UP-TSEET



BLACKLEY— "SOMEONE
TRIED TO STEAL
MY TOWEL"—

PRETTY ONE: "GEE, I WISH I WAS BEAUTIFUL, SO I
COULD GET IN THE MOVIES"

JOE CALLTEA: "WELL, KIDDO, IF YOU DON'T MIND THE
BALCONY, I CAN STAND YOUR FACE."

"THE CHARM SCHOOL"

THE DRAMATIC-LITERARY CLUB PLAY

On February 12, the Dramatic-Literary Club presented its second annual play to a crowd which was in itself a compliment to the success of last years presentation, "Finger Prints.

This year, the club selected "The Charm School," a comedy in three acts, by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. The action is built about a girl's boarding school which is inherited by a young automobile salesman with unusual ideas about educating young ladies. He takes the school entirely under his own management, installs men instructors and finally gives up the management of the school as a bad job when his methods fail.

The part of "Austin Bevans," the young salesman, was excellently portrayed by Wayne Folger. He and the friends with whom he roomed had just discovered that they were very embarrassed financially when "Bevans" received a phone call from "Mr. Johns" in the person of Lewis LeValley, announcing that a girl's boarding school had been bequeathed to the salesman. "Bevans" declared that this was just the chance for which he had been waiting and that he had ideas of his own about educating girls. Then he announced that while the school would give him a chance to work out a few experiments, it was also a solution to their financial problem. Being a man of action, he promptly hired his friends as instructors. The boys were "David MacKenzie," played by Paul Smith, "George Boyd," played by Robert Goodlander, and "Jim" and "Tim Simpkins," played by Carl Raymond and Elliot Dix.

The idea of five young men managing the school was not well received by "Miss Hays," head of the school. The part of "Miss Hays" was played by Shanette Goggin in a very convincing manner. Margaret Moran kept the audience in gales of laughter by the way in which she interpreted the part of "Miss Curtiss."

The girls reacted in a different way than Miss Hays did to the new conditions. They were pleased with the changed methods of the school, and enjoyed the substitution of lessons in charm, dancing and account keeping, Latin and mathematics. They made no secret of the fact that their instructors greatly influenced this attitude, and "Elise Benedotti" leader of the seniors, fell deeply in love with "Mr. Bevans." The part of "Elise Benedotti" was played by Geraldine Nash, with her usual grace and poise. The other girls of the school were "Sally Boyd," played by Annette Oldham, "Muriel Doughty," played by Mary Ruth Daley, "Ethel Spelvin," played by Mildred Crosby, "Alix Mercier," played by Margaret Robinson, and "Lillian Stafford" and "Madge Kent," played by Isabella Ryan and Edna Volschow.

Finally "Elise" ran away and "Austin" went after her. He discovered, through her absence, that he really did care for her, and knowing that he could not go on being the stern head of a school while he was in love with its most popular pupil, "Austin" decided to turn the school over to "Miss Hays" and wait until "Elise" reached marriageable age.

The success of the play was largely due to Miss Ethel Scagel, director.

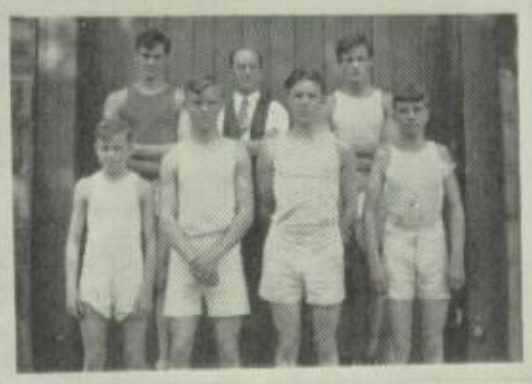
* * *

FACULTY

FACULTY 1929-30

Teacher	*Degree*	*Subject*
Edmund M. Evans	B. A.	Principal
Bertha S. Barron	B. S.	English
Marjorie Becherer	B. A.	English
Maude C. Burt	B. A., M. A.	English
Lucy E. Fancher	B. A.	English
Mary Tracey Kenney	B. A.	English
Mary Roma Reynolds	B. A.	English
Marea E. Snyder	B. O.	English
Mildred Stewart	B. S.	English
Helen Bloomer Ward	B. L. E.	Teacher Librarian
Ethel Reid Scagel	B. L. I.	Public Speaking
Kathleen Becker	M. A.	Latin
Grace Helen Green	B. A.	Latin, French
Mary E. Ransom		Latin
F. Edna Hausner	B. A.	French
Charlotte E. Cox	B. A.	Spanish
Marion E. Bigelow	M. S.	History
Helen M. Hopkins	B. S., M. A.	History
Laura Jean Wheadrick	B. A.	History
Alexis V. Muller	Ph. B., M. A.	Civics
Frances E. Campbell		Mathematics
Eunice M. Pierce	B. A.	Mathematics
Guy D. Travis	B. A.	Mathematics
Donald S. Ward	B. S.	Mathematics
Olive C. Whitwell	B. A.	Mathematics
Evelyn M. Driscoll	B. A.	Commercial
Bertha L. Helwig	B. S.	Commercial
Alvah Jane Moon	B. A.	Commercial
Whitney J. Meyer	B. S.	Commercial
Harry Tavrow	B. S.	Commercial
Pauline Alt	B. A.	Science
Irving H. Buckminster	Ph. B., M. A.	Science
Doris M. Crosby	B. A.	General Science
Clara A. Shaw	B. A.	Biology
Loraine Hamilton	B. S.	Sewing
Irene Wilson		Cooking
Carrie Harmon		Drawing and Arts
Arthur L. Clark		Machine Shop Instr.
Earl D. Fay		Auto Mechanics
Ralph E. Giddings		Manual Training
William L. Rogenmoser		Pattern Making
Fred H. Zimmerman		Mechanical Drawing
Charles L. McCabe		Coach of Athletics
Gertrude C. Wilcox		Physical Training
Mondel E. Butterfield	B. A.	Director of Music

JUNE 1930



THE SENIOR CLASS

The Senior class of '30 will be the largest and probably the best to graduate from the Lockport High School.

At a recent meeting of that group the following permanent officers of the Class of '30 were elected:

President ..... Adeleine Bolton
Vice-President ..... Kenneth Clark
Secretary ..... Nicholas Muller
Treasurer ..... Anna Katherine Wendel

At the same meeting were elected the following Class Day Officers:

Valedictory	First Honor	Donald Pasko
Salutatory	Second Honor	Gordon W. Stearns
Mantle Oration		Irving Clark
Response	Pres. of Junior Class	William Dale
Presentation	Third Honor	Shanette Goggin, Roy Bass
Class Song	Fourth Honor	Lorraine Sinclair
Class Will		Dorothy Strong
Class History		LaVerne Pechuman
Class Prophecy		Fred C. Holder
Class Poem		Nellie H. Montroy

It is interesting to note that Mom and Pop of the "Patsy," Shanette Goggin and Roy Bass, are to present their children and hosts of friends with suitable gifts on Class Day.

The Seniors held a dance during Easter vacation in the "Y" ballroom. Some seventy couples attended and the success is due, in a great measure, to William Long and his committee. A profit of $3.00 was realized.

At such enjoyable gatherings we have spent a large part of our spare time, and now our thoughts turn to one great climax—Graduation—Commencement.

In parting let us say that we wish the entire faculty, Mr. Evans, our advisor, Miss Ransom, and all those teachers who have guided us from the first day of our classes in this school, the best that life can hold. To our fellow students, we hope your high school days will end as happily as ours have. To Miss Maud Burt we extend our heartfelt sympathy. If we could only have our way, we'd have her well again today. To everyone we bid an affectionate *Farewell!*

'Nick' Muller, Secretary.

JUNIOR CLASS

The year is slowly rolling to its close and the Junior Class of 1930 has almost completed a successful year. The concert put on by the Glee Clubs of Buffalo University was greatly enjoyed by all present, the selections of the Boys' Glee Club, offering special delight. Fortunately, the concert returns were even, the slight deficit being paid by the kindness of Mr. Butterfield.

The class rings, after much careful thought and deliberation, have finally been chosen. We are sure this ring will prove satisfactory in all ways. Plans for a

DRAMATIC-LITERARY CLUB

AVIATION CLUB

picnic are being "cooked-up" by various chairmen, who select their own committees. Every member anticipates an enjoyable and memorable occasion to wind up the year.

Our faculty advisor, Miss Burt, is absent because of illness, but we cherish fond hopes that she will soon be with us again. We hope the next Junior Class may have such a successful and enjoyable season as we feel we have had.

—Marie J. Robinson, Recording Secretary.

DRAMATIC-LITERARY CLUB

During the school year of 1929-30, the Dramatic-Literary Club has scored two prominent successes in the line of plays. One was a three act play, entitled "The Charm School." It was presented to the public, February 13 and was a great success and a credit to the club and faculty advisor, Miss Ethel Reid Scagel, who directed it. "Coral Beads," a very clever one-act play, was presented in assembly by members of the Dramatic Club.

The officers who have so successfully guided the club through this season are:

President—Paul Smith
Vice-President—Geraldine Nash
Secretary—Shanette Goggin
Treasurer—Wayne Folger

The only regrets club members for 1929-30 express are that the year has come to an end and that they are losing their directress, Miss Scagel. It is through her efforts that the Dramatic-Literary Club has emerged so successfully from its activities. In spite of such a great loss, hopes are high for a successful year of 1930-31, and Miss Scagel's successor has the best wishes of the club.

* * *

AVIATION CLUB

Well, we've been stirring up a lot of talk in this old school, haven't we? It's good talk, anyway. Everyone is talking about the glider "this here club" is buying. Gliding is taking its place in the foremost ranks of American sports. Why don't you take part in this club and learn the essentials of aviation as well as hear interesting speakers?

Membership in the club has been limited to students of the high school and the Intermediate school, the age limit being fourteen. In order to become a member of this club, you must pay a fee of one dollar, afterwards paying four dollars to become a member of the glider club.

The Aviation Club is going to play an important part in the coming air meet sponsored by the American Legion. This meet will consist of an air show, stunting, passenger flying, night flying, fireworks, and everything to make it a success. The object of the meet is to provide funds with which to build a stadium and athletic field for the school activites.

We are going to hold a model meet, in which the plane that won first prize at Buffalo will be entered.

Remember, we want to see you at the next meeting. —James Caton, Sec'y.

* * *

GIRL RESERVES

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves are just completing one of the most successful years since we have been organized. This has been made possible through the efforts and good-will of Miss Kathleen Becker, faculty advisor, and Miss Harriet Williams, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. When the Girl Reserves reorganized last November, we resolved to do more for the Club than has ever been done before, and we really feel that we have lived up to that resolution. We started out by holding a tea for the teachers of the High School in order that the girls might become better acquainted with the new teachers. This proved a huge success socially, so huge, in fact, that we began devising means of financial successes, with the result that a Leap-Year dance was held in the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of January 25. Everyone seemed to enjoy himself, and it was such a grand success that we are planning to hold another dance on the Friday evening of Regents week, this activity to end our year.

In February we held an Italian dinner under the supervision of Jane Perry. This was another financial success, and it enabled many to attend the girl Reserve Conference in Buffalo during the week-end of February 21. Besides Miss Becker and Miss Williams, there were ten delegates to the conference, and such a wonderful time was reported that many girls are looking forward to the conference next year. In March, we ventured before the eyes of the public as mannequins with the co-operation of the Lockport Merchants and under the management of Miss Geraldine Nash, our President. This event proved a huge success. Nevertheless it didn't go to our heads, for when Easter came along, we did our good deed. We filled Easter baskets for the little children of the Odd Fellows Orphanage and for those at the Preventorium, and they were all delighted to know that the Easter bunny didn't forget them.

On May 21st we held a Mother-Daughters' banquet at the Y. W. under the general chairmanship of Miss Isabelle Ryan. This was well attended and proved very entertaining. On June 5 the Girl Reserves gave a tea at the Y. W. for the Seniors of the Class of 1930. This included not only Girl Reserve Seniors but the Seniors of the entire class, and the affair proved most interesting. Our final social activity will be our banquet, which will precede the dance. This is to be a final get-together of the Girl Reserves until next fall.

The Seniors who are leaving the Club this year wish the other members all the success in the world and hope that they will carry on with the same vigor and enthusiasm as has been heretofore employed. We would also like to take this opportunity to extend our sincere gratitude to Miss Becker and Miss Williams for their untiring efforts in making our club the success that it is.

MUSICAL CLUBS

Each fall the musical clubs are forced to reorganize because many of their best members were graduated the preceding June. Due to this delay, the clubs are forced to wait for a few months before they are fully prepared to give a concert to the public.

NON-RESIDENT HI-Y

ART CLUB

The first concert of the school year 1929-30 was given at the end of school just before the Christmas Holidays. At this time the alumni participated, and all the members of the clubs presented their efforts to the public.

The next big feature of the year was the operetta, "Miss Cherryblossom," which was presented by the choral-glee clubs and the orchestra. The cast of characters included Dorothy Abbott, R. Leslie McDermott, Jack M. Deeringer, Charles Moore, Lyle Grimble, William Dale, Irene Shimer, George Day. It was under the direction of Mr. Butterfield; the dramatic parts were directed by Miss Scagel.

At various times during the year, the different departments of the organizations have broadcast from station WMAK, much to the delight of radio owners. The symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Butterfield, the brass sextette and the band under the direction of Mr. Barone, have provided the majority of these programs.

The officers for the next year are as follows:—President, Clarence Groff; Secretary, Dorothy Abbott; Treasurer, Marie Robinson.

NON RESIDENT HI-Y

The Non Resident Hi-Y held its first meeting February 19, at 12:15 o'clock, with Gordon Bowman acting as chief advisor. The main purpose of organizing a chapter was to enable the pupils unable to attend the local chapter, to be members. At this meeting, the officers were installed by the local chapter officers as follows: Norman Jerome, president; Russell Metcalf, vice-president; Arthur Abrahams, treasurer; and William Foster, Secretary. After the meeting a splendid dinner was served.

Since these three meetings have been held at which the following speakers were heard; Mr. John Tagg, Sec.; at local Y. Rev. J. D. Livingston, pastor of local Baptist Church, and Rev. Schultz, pastor of Warrens Corners Methodist Church.

The Club has made a splendid start with forty-two members, and we hope to continue the good work in the future. William Foster, Secretary.

L. H. S. ART CLUB

The L. H. S. Art Club has just completed its seventh year of existence.

We have had two very interesting speakers: Miss Ruby Hendrickson, who spent several years in Japan told us of Japanese customs and arts; Mr. Butterfield who gave a very interesting illustrated talk on his Mediterrean trip to Egypt, Rome, Athens and the Holy Land.

During the seven years, the club's activities have consisted in holding monthly meetings with a speaker on some art subject and a social meeting afterwards, an annual sale of craft articles and candy, and a picnic in June.

When the club first started it had but ten members, now it has thirty.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Harmon, our advisor, for her work in obtaining the speakers and for our success. —Mary Hanagan, Secretary.

HI-Y

HI-Y

It is with pleasure that I announce that this year's membership totaled 110 active members. Out of seventeen meetings, there were twelve hundred and sixty-nine in attendance or an average of seventy-five boys a meeting.

In conjunction with the Hi-Y club, a non-resident club of forty-two members was formed under the guidance of Mr. Kunz and Gordon Bowman.

Our Lockport club is one of the largest in the state, and probably in the United States.

During the past season, we were very fortunate in securing Alan Van De Mark, Mr. L. G. Merritt, Mr. John T. Symes and Mr. Sanford as speakers.

Last year the club made a pledge to the Y. M. C. A. of fifteen dollars. However, this year, due to the wonderful financial condition of the club, we pledged twenty-five dollars.

Social activities reached their greatest peak this year. Four dances were held and although the Christmas dance was a big success, this dance was surpassed by the one held at Easter. The fifth and final dance of the season will be held June twenty-seventh. The music committee is trying to secure an out of town band for this event which will be a climax to the activities of the year. We are now ready to hold an election of officers for the coming year.

The type of club we have at present will be reorganized next year into four distinct clubs. In doing this we plan to have a better club but still furnish membership to more students. We are planning to install Hi-Y clubs at Wilson, Barker and Newfane. For our meeting nights Mr. Kunz has decided to turn over the boys division of the Y. M. to the club for other activities.

Mr. Kunz and the officers sincerely hope that many of the students will avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the Hi-Y next year.

Malcom Young, Secretary.

FORUM STAFF

With this parting message, we of the Forum staff cease our editorial functions and duties for the scholastic year. The trials and tribulations of tetra-annually producing the scholastic journal fade into oblivion as we recall with gratefulness the splendid support given us in every possible field by the student body. The task of preparing the scholastic publication is one requiring no little amount of mental effort and cerebral calisthenics, but our work has been liberally rewarded with cooperation and appreciation. It is the earnest solicitation of us who are leaving the staff this year, that next year's staff be accorded the same assistance.

It is with the deepest sympathy and distress that we offer Miss Burt in her present serious illness, the sincerest wishes of the Forum staff for her complete recovery and for her early return to the staff.

With the increasing length of the days, with the gentle zephyrs from the west, the thoughts of the ordinarily staid and serious minded editors turn to thoughts of recreation. Out of the misty haze of whimsical fancies and idle dreams comes the romantic possibility of beguilement and diversion; no sooner is the idea conjectured than it begins to disseminate throughout the staff. The attempts to sink it into oblivion are fruitless, and the romantic possibility becomes a glaring reality.

A picnic is in the offing! Then is the time when dignity is abandoned and naive pleasures become the order of the day. So it is with a great deal of ingenuous anticipation that we look forward to this excursion into rustic territory, and it is with "bon esprit" that we bid you "au revoir." —Fred C. Holder, Sec.

CAMERA CLUB

Our Club was organized March 3, 1930, by Mr. Zimmerman, our faculty advisor.

The Club was organized for all the students in our school who are interested in photography.

At the first meeting was held the elcction of officers:

President—John Vinci
Vice-President—Anna Ellis
Secretary—William Kelley
Treasurer—George Retallack

Since it was organized, the club has accomplished a great amount of work. The dark-room has been equipped with all the chemicals and appliances necessary for developing films and printing pictures. Many of the members under the instruction of Mr. Zimmerman have learned to do this work.

The pictures in the photographic section of the Forum are the results of the Club's activities.

We hope to have many new members next year. Why not join?

—John Vinci, President.

HONOR ROLL

Stella Karlak	98%
Allan Mellenthien	98%
Mildred Betzler	97%
Carson Brooks	97%
Henry DeLange	97%
Mary Gavalas	97%
Martha Kelley	97%
Ernest Dickenson	96%
Elizabeth Gooding	96%
Jean Howell	96%
Kathryn Lennon	96%
Anna Marie Lubs	96%
Fredlee McNall	96%
Milford Wescott	96%
Dorothy Boye	95%
Phyliss Foote	95%
Paul Hoffmaster	95%
Winifred LaBar	95%
William McGonigle	95%
La Verne Pechumen	95%
Ida C. Regling	95%
Justine Urtel	95%
Russel Walker	95%
Elaine Calos	94%
Rachael Flagler	94%
Wayne Folger	94%
Catherine Gifford	94%
Robert Goodlander	94%
Ruby Kinyon	94%
Lewis LeValley	94%
Catherine Mellott	94%
Jane Ruhlmann	94%
Sylvia Silsby	94%
Loraine Sinclair	94%
Eleanor Stockwell	94%
Jack Zuidema	94%
Mary Bewley	93%
Robert Downes	93%
Anna Catherine Ellis	93%
Evelyn Glassner	93%
Shanette Goggin	93%
Fred Holder	93%
China Jaynes	93%
Francis Madden	93%
Walter Maslowski	93%
Anna Ruth Morrill	93%
Julia Olah	93%
Donald Pasko	93%
Edward Peters	93%
Marie J. Robinson	93%
Edith Rosenthal	93%
Millicent Rudnick	93%
Florence Snell	93%
Adelia Taylor	93%
Jane E. Zook	93%
Angela DiFranza	92%
Isadore Drier	92%
Orpha Fisher	92%
Annette Fogle	92%
Loie Goodnick	92%
Eleanor Hughes	92%
Margaret Richmond	92%
Clarence Roeseler	92%
Isabella J. Ryan	92%
Mary Scapelletti	92%
Frances Benziger	91%
Viola Betzler	91%
Helen Boyer	91%
Irving Clark	91%
Roland Draper	91%
Beatrice East	91%
Braden Fitz-Gerald	91%
Marjorie Johnston	91%
Sarah Kanehl	91%
Janet Kinzly	91%
Virginia Lee	91%
Howard Olds	91%
C. Rhodes Palmer	91%
Edwin Reese	91%
Donald Richards	91%
Dorothy Abbott	90%
Ruth Abbott	90%
Mildred Behm	90%
Onnolee Blackmore	90%
Adeline Bolton	90%
Layton Bowers	90%
Rogers Crosby	90%
Esther Davis	90%
Jack Deeringer	90%
Geraldine Fitz-Gerald	90%
Mary Furbish	90%
Alonzo Hanagan	90%
Caroline Hoffmaster	90%
Berenice Kanehl	90%
Anna Kinyon	90%
Berta Kinzly	90%
Gertrude Kolbow	90%
Mary Louise Layer	90%
Oscar McIntyre	90%
Nellie Montroy	90%
Mary Pease	90%
Dorothy Pechumen	90%
William Pogel	90%
Elton Roberts	90%
Helen Schuler	90%
Dorothy Sherrick	90%
Frances Slate	90%
Angela Speranza	90%
Doris Starling	90%
Anna Trimper	90%
Dorothy West	90%
Jessie Wilson	90%
Curtis Wellington	91%

TRACK TEAM

SPORTS

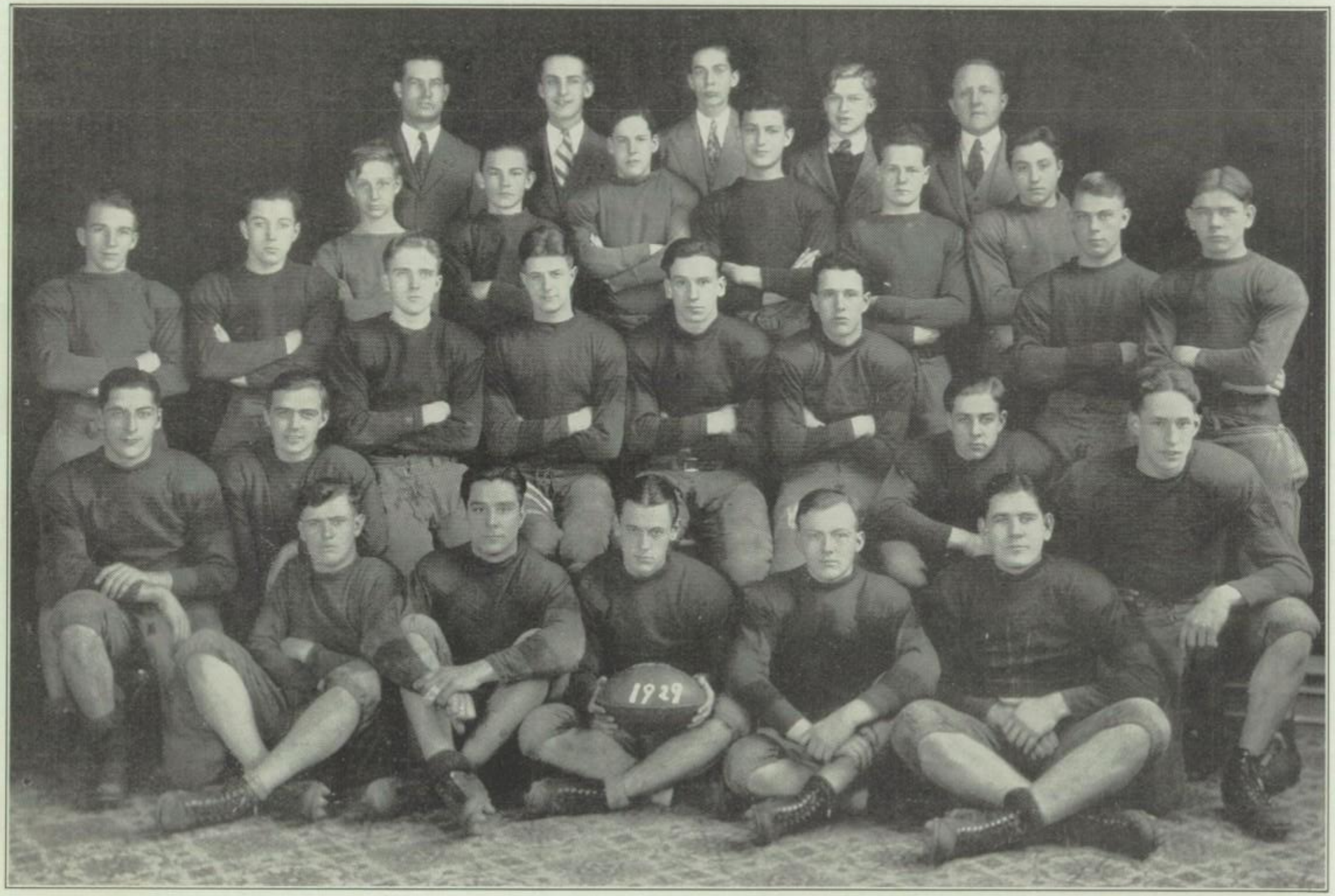
Resume of Eligibility Rules, N. Y. S. P. H. S. A. A., October, 1925

A student is *not* eligible—

1. If he entered school after Monday of the fourth week of school, except he be a transfer because of change of residence of parents, when he may be eligible in 2 weeks if all other points are satisfactory.
2. If he has competed in this sport for four seasons previous to this, on a high school team. Playing in any part of any inter-high school game counts as a season.
3. If he passed his 21st birthday on or before the opening league game, or date of the sectional championship contest, in sports that do not have preliminary league schedules.
4. If he is not taking work totaling at least 14 Regents credit hours, 9 of which is new work.
5. If he failed to pass at least 9 school credit hours his preceding semester.
6. If he is not maintaining satisfactory scholarship in 14 hours of work.
7. If he is a post graduate, unless he has not reached his 19th birthday, or graduated in January of the present school year.
8. If he has participated in this sport on any other team since the first game of the present season, (except in case of transfer due to change of residence of parents.)
9 If he has played for money or under an assumed name.

TRACK

This is truly news for Ripley: "Lockport High School Track Team swamps it's traditional rival, Niagara Falls, to the tune of 77½ to 17½." Believe it or not, this is a fact that shall go down in the annals of local sport history as, the most impressive victory. With the glory and splendor of the ancient Olympic Games, the brilliant Gold and Blue flashing across the chests of our loyal warriors, the immortal contest opened. The inevitable clash advanced as a continual, increasing slaughter, which was gained by the smashing victory of the relay team which consisted of "Billy" Hilderman, Lyle Grimble, "Joe" Mitchell and Captain Jerome. This meet placed several new track stars in the lime-light and brought new honors to the veterans. Billy Hilderman is outstanding as our new century man; Lyle Grimble is a safe bet in the 220 yard dash; Captain Jerome is a true leader in name and action, the 440 being a sure shot for him; Joe "Thunderbolt" Mitchell is stepping the hurdles pretty. The boys are training to add more victories to their list as a partial payment for the faithful work of "Doc" Gay. Last year the Gold and Blue defeated Niagara 68 to 27.



FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

Coach—Charles L. McCabe Manager—Lyle H. Grimble

Captain—Lynn Blake

With the return of only five football "L" men from the team of 1928, Coach Charles L. McCabe took charge of a squad ranging from thirty to forty men which was to regain the lost football prestige of L. H. S. The Gold and Blue eleven ended a very successful football season at Niagara on November 23, with five victories and only four defeats to the credit of the school.

The 1929 team was under the very efficient managership of Lyle Grimble. Lynn Blake was elected honorary captain at the termination of the season as no one had held the position permanently.

The fall sport was received this year with the whole hearted support of the student rooters who numbered far up into the hundreds at almost every game at home and out of town. The expected return of many of this year's squad casts a rosy light over the prospects for the fall of 1930.

Football Schedule—1929

Date	OPPONENTS		L.H.S.	Opp.
Sept. 27	Nichols	There	0	9
Oct. 5	Albion	Here	26	0
Oct. 12	Sen. Vocational	Here	33	3
Oct. 19	Kenmore	Here	0	15
Oct. 26	Batavia	There	6	7
Nov. 2	Medina	Here	19	9
Nov. 9	Lancaster	There	6	0
Nov. 16	Lackawanna	Here	39	0
Nov. 23	Niagara Falls	There	0	20

Football "L" Men

George Mitchell
Francis Blackley
Daniel Keleher
Richard Hill
Floyd Fierch
James Lorms
Elliott Dix
Clarence Groff
George Stinson
Milton Douglas
Harry Wolfe
Lynn Blake
Francis Madden
John Ritzenthaler
Earl Greenman
Lyle Grimble

Football Squad Men

George Retallack
Jack Hawkes
Thaddeus Maslowski
William Long
Charles Barnard
Carl Raymond
Bruce Welton
Douglas Heal
William Brown
William Decesare
Gerald Moon
Harry Whalen
Vernon Landry
Mark Kenney
George Day

BASKETBALL TEAM

BASKETBALL

L. H. S. has concluded one of the most successful basketball seasons which the school has enjoyed in a number of years. The team this year did not include any outstanding stars but every member was a fine team player and this accounts in a large measure for their success. Teamwork and a good passing attack were features of nearly every contest.

The credit for bringing a good basketball team into our midst is due in a very large measure to Coach McCabe. His perseverance and his confidence in the members of the team and their faith in him went hand in hand to produce startling results. Coach deserves our hearty congratulations and thanks for building the smooth working machine that he sent on the floor in every contest.

One of the very pleasant things about this season is that a number of good players distinguished themselves who will be back in school next year. Prospects for the season of 1930 and 31 are very bright. If all goes well Lockport may boast a championship team next year.

Basketball Schedule—1929-30

Date	OPPONENTS		L.H.S.	Opp.
Dec. 13	DeVeaux	Here	36	10
Dec. 20	Lancaster	There	No game	
Dec. 30	Alumni	Here	13	39
Jan. 10	Batavia*	Here	24	35
Jan. 17	Kenmore*	Here	11	30
Jan. 24	N. Tonawanda*	There	19	12
Jan. 31	Tonawanda*	There	24	32
Feb. 7	Niagara Falls*	Here	20	27
Feb. 11	Batavia*	There	32	20
Feb. 14	Kenmore*	There	12	26
Feb. 21	N. Tonawanda*	Here	23	13
Feb. 28	Tonawanda*	Here	31	26
Mar. 7	Niagara Falls*	There	16	18

*R. P. I. League Games

Basketball "L" Men

George Mitchell, Captain
Wayne Folger, Manager
Earl Greenman
John Ritzenthaler
Elmer Dussault
Joseph Siracusa
Francis Blackley

Basketball Squad Men

Garry Stark
Francis Ritzenthaler
William Spalding
Elliott Dix
George Van Wyck
William Miller
Leslie Gunby
Robert Goodlander
Edward Vincent
Micheal Karlak
Jay White
Bruce Welton
Jack Hawkes
Roland Nagel

BASEBALL TEAM

BASEBALL

Coach—Charles L. McCabe Manager—James O'Grady

Baseball Schedule—1930

Date	OPPONENTS		L.H.S.	Opp.
Apr. 28	Bennett	Here	12	15
May 2	North Tonawanda	There	8	9
May 6	St. Joseph's	Here	4	12
May 9	Tonawanda	Here	8	12
May 13	Kenmore	Here	11	5
May 16	Niagara Falls	There	7	10
May 20	North Tonawanda	Here	5	2
May 23	St. Joseph's	There	9	8
May 26	Tonawanda	There	18	5
May 29	Kenmore	There	Rain	
June 3	Niagara Falls	Here	7	3

Baseball Squad Men

Edwin Baldwin	Frank Anderson	William Judd
Donald Richards	Wilfred Stoll	Thaddeus Maslowski
Roland Nagel	Paul Hoffmaster	Elmer Dussault
Francis Niland	Rolland Simmons	Earl Greenman
George Frombgen	Elliott Dix	Garry Stark
Francis Blackley	Ronald Baldwin	Jay White

BENNETT WINS

Bennett 15—L. H. S. 12

On April 28th at Emmett Belknap Field, the Gold and Blue baseball squad got off to an ill-omened start.

In the first innings the squad walloped the ball all over the lot to gain 8 runs to Bennett's 1.

"Clem" Niland, moundsman for the Gold and Blue, pitched a fine game with 7 strike outs but, through the many errors made by his teammates, was poorly supported.

In the fourth inning the Bennett team let loose and through their hits and Lockport men's errors, made 7 runs. In the three remaining innings, it looked as if the Gold and Blue would come back and fight but after two runs were scored, the side was retired.

Baldwin, Sheehan and Frombgen featured with the stick, each getting a couple nice hits.

* * *

FIRST LEAGUE GAME

North Tonawanda 9—L. H. S. 8

Saturday afternoon, May 2, the Gold and Blue stickers took a little jaunt to North Tonawanda to give battle to Jack Dowd and his proteges and it certainly

turned out to be "some game," in fact, a battle royal. Jay White, right in the first frame, gave a certain Mr. Lichtenburger something to worry about by slapping a solid blow to deep left which went for three bases but the one man committee of arbitration ruled that he failed to touch the keystone and he was immediately tagged out.

However, soon after this, the Lockport boys began to go after slabman Lichtenburger and frequently, licked his slants for lose blows.

This happened particularly in the fourth chapter when the bases were filled to capacity with human freight. "Hec" Dussault came up to bat and by getting a hit brought Bill Stoll over the plate.

Lockport led right up to the last of the sixth inning when a pass to Meyers, and a little single by Pette, set the stage for a heavy slugging bee. They brought in two runs to tally the final score of 9 to 8. Lockport failed to score in their half of the seventh.

This game marked the début of Don Richards who pitched a fine game.

* * *

ST. JOSEPHS 12—L. H. S. 4

When Lockport received a 12 to 4 set back by the St. Joseph's team on May 6, at Emmett Belknap Field, it was nothing at all to cry about as this team is made up of nearly all the players from the famous Burke Brothers nine of last year. It may be remembered that this outfit won the United States Championship in the American Legion Junior League.

At any rate the score does not indicate the tussle in the least, as the Gold and Blue should have won, were it not for the fact that poor support to Niland and Nagle handed the Saints the game on a silver platter. In the opening brace of innings, the Bisons were able to get at Niland's offerings for only a lone blow but when the poor display of fielding started, Coach McCabe withdrew them, so that he would not wear himself out for nothing.

When the Collegians finally started their procession around the bases, nothing could stop them and they scored in every inning, starting with the third.

* * *

ANOTHER LOSS

Tonawanda 12—L. H. S. 8

After gaining such a lead that victory seemed certain, the Lockport High baseball team was beaten by two runs on May 9. The game was played at Harrison Field and was well attended by Lockport and Tonawanda rooters.

Nagel started at pitch for Lockport. He allowed one hit in the first inning and retired the side on easy infield hits. Lockport scored six runs in their half. Richards went in for Nagel in the third inning with two on and none out. Although Lockport held a 7 to 2 lead over the visitors until the end of the fifth, the tables turned in the six and Tonawanda brought in the runs which won the game.

VICTORY OVER KENMORE

L. H. S.11—Kenmore 5

The Lockport High baseball team won its first victory of the season Tuesday, May 14. The game was played in Lockport at Harrison Field. The teams were evenly matched and played a close game up to the last inning, when they broke loose and piled up run after run. Lockport had three runs and Kenmore 2 at the ending of the sixth inning. Lockport was at bat first in the seventh and the boys made eight runs before the Kenmorites could stop them. When Kenmore's delegation took their turn at the bat they were determined to follow suit and make some runs for their side. They were unsuccessful, however, and the game went to the local nine.

* * *

GOLD AND BLUE LOSES TO TRADITIONAL RIVALS

Niagara 10—Lockport 7

An invasion of the Gold and Blue was made into the territory of our ancient sport rivals Friday afternoon, May 2. The two opponents met in the Falls High School Stadium and the battle was soon underway with great fury.

Two home runs by Dix and Richards pepped up the team temporarily but failed to win the game. Alternating at the offensive and defensive, the local warriors bombarded left and right, displaying Simpson's speed, Hercules' strength and Solomen's wisdom in the battle for glory. Nevertheless, the battle was unsuccessful and the boys came home without the much sought for Niagara scalps.

* * *

GIRLS SPORTS

The girls sports this spring has chiefly been indoor baseball and interclass track.

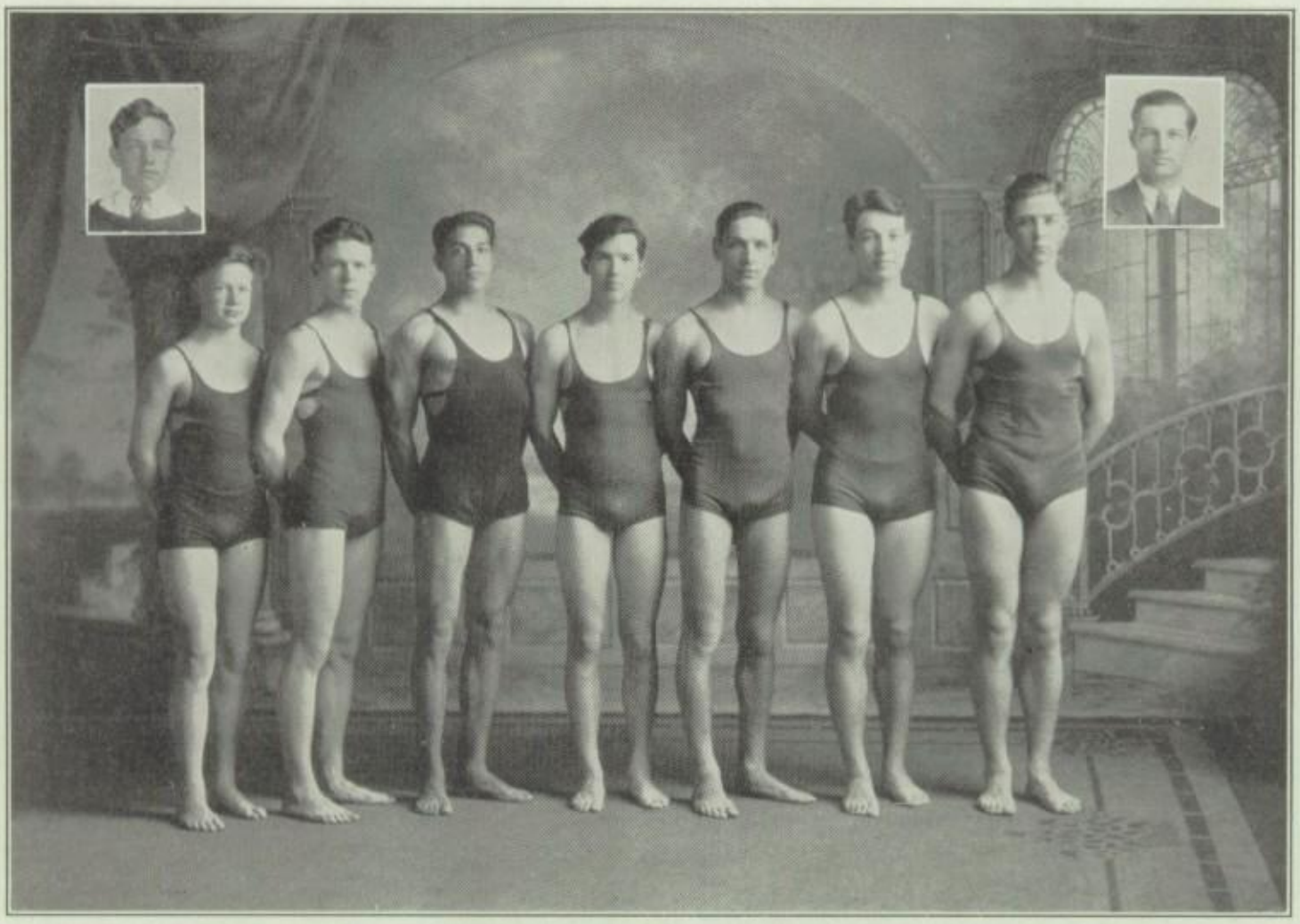
The baseball teams, five in number, were chosen according to the respective sizes of the players. The winners of the tournament were Team I;

M. Tovell, (Capt.) c.	G. Hendrick, 1st b.	R. Di Maria, l. f.
E. Fuerch, p.	A. Benzee, s. s. and p.	Mohlar, r. f.
	A. M. Flicksenhaar, 2nd b.	

The track was divided into two parts. "The Standing Broad Jump," and "Run, Throw, and Catch" were run off inside while the dash and high jump were outside work.

To make the competition as fair as possible, the classes were divided into two groups, the "tall" group entering those over 5′ 4″ in height, and the "short" group with those measuring under 5′ 4″. The winners of the standing broad jump are:

Tall Group	*Short Group*
1st.—N. Nagels 7′ 10½″	M. Barone 7′ 10″
2nd—F. Anderson 7′ 6 ″	H. Gurski 7′ 8″
3rd—M. Gavalas 7′ 5″	B. Haller 7′ 5″
3rd—J. Zook 7′ 5″	



SWIMMING

The high school in the "Lock City" is not well equipped for producing swimmers. There being no natatorium in the building, the swimming team was fortunate in securing the Calvin G. Sutliff Pool in the local Y. M. C. A. for practice during the sixth period every Monday. Of course, the swimmers held unofficial practice sessions at various intervals throughout the remainder of the week.

Owing to the lateness in organization, our mermen participated in only two meets, one being at Kenmore and the other, at Tonawanda. The former was a dual meet and the latter, a sectional meet. Our team did well at Kenmore, their experienced team defeating us by a very small margin. Those swimming were Frank Crosby, Milton Douglas, Braden Fitz-Gerald, William Hilderman, Joseph Mitchell, Rhodes Palmer, Carl Raymond and Paul Smith.

Coach McCabe took six swimmers to Tonawanda to represent L. H. S. in the annual sectional meet for District 5. The high schools present were Tonawanda, North Tonawanda, Kenmore and Lockport. Three Lockportians placed in the finals for which they were awarded District 5 shields. Those placing were Crosby, Fitz-Gerald, and Raymond. The other three were crowded out of the finals by mere fractions of seconds. Lockport's 200 yard relay team, consisting of Hilderman, Fitz-Gerald, Douglas, and Crosby, placed third in its event.

The team is indeed grateful to Coach McCabe, who volunteered to give up much of his leisure time to aid the swimmers. During the season, Lockport's premier natator, Frank Crosby, acted in the capacity of team captain.

With the start that swimming has been given this year, the sport is due to rise to great favor in the future.

"L" MEN 1929-30

Earl Greenman	Basketball L	April 1928
	Baseball L	June 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1929
	Basketball L	March 1930
Francis Madden	Football L	Dec. 1927
	Football L	Dec. 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1929
John Ritzenthaler	Basketball L	April 1929
	Football L	Dec. 1929
	Basketball L	March 1930
Roy Hausauer	Football L	Dec. 1928
Herbert Knight	Basketball L	April 1929
Joseph Siracusa	Basketball L	March 1930
Maurice Healy	Baseball L	June 1929
Francis Niland	Baseball L	June 1929
Jay White	Baseball L	June 1929
Donald Willax	Track L	June 1929
James Mulvey	Track L	June 1929
Elliott Dix	Football L	Dec. 1927
	Baseball L	June 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1928
	Baseball L	June 1929
	Football L	Dec. 1929
Elmer Dussault	Baseball L	June 1928
	Baseball L	June 1929
	Basketball L	March 1930
George Mitchell	Football L	Dec. 1929
	Basketball L	March 1930
Francis Blackley	Football L	Dec. 1929
	Basketball L	March 1930
Frank Crosby	Track L	June 1928
	Track L	June 1929

Clarence Groff	Football L	Dec. 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1929
Lyle Grimble	Track L	June 1928
	Football L	Dec. 1929
Revitt Oldham	Track L	June 1928
	Track L	June 1928
Frances Ritzenthaler	Football L	Dec. 1928
	Track L	June 1928
Daniel Keleher	Football L	Dec. 1929
Richard Hill	Football L	Dec. 1929
Floyd Fierch	Football L	Dec. 1929
James Lorms	Football L	Dec. 1929
Milton Douglas	Football L	Dec. 1929
Harry Wolfe	Football L	Dec. 1929
Wayne Folger	Basketball L	March 1930
Charles Sheehan	Baseball L	June 1929
Garry Stark	Baseball L	June 1929
Micheal Karlak	Track L	June 1929
Joseph Mitchell	Track L	June 1929

This list includes all "L" men with the exception of Track and Baseball teams of 1930.

SUMMER

I wish it were summer,
When days are long;
When skies are the bluest,
And life is a song.
I should like to wander
Along a road,
With never a care
Or even a load.
I should like to fish
In a quiet brook,
And eat my lunch
In a shady nook.
I should like to dream
All the long day's run,
And watch the glory
Of the setting sun.
I wish it were summer,
When days are long;
When skies are the bluest,
And life is a song.

—William J. Robinson '30.

THE FORUMETTE

Vol. XXXX Lockport, N. Y. No. III

S. S. HAUSNER RUNNING INTO STORM

Terrific "Regent Twister" Near Vessel

Ship, ahoy, mates! Our last, longest and hardest voyage. The weather at present is sultry and choppy seas make it difficult sailing. Terrific storms are predicted for June. But we'll weather those regents storms for we are all so extraordinarily bright (?) (At least we think we are). Under the guidance of our able captain, Miss Hausner, we ought to come sailing thru with flying colors.

Our first mates are upholding the honor of the ship. They are Martha Kelley, Jean Howell and Angela Sperranza. The rest of the mates are also doing their share of the work with the exception of a few who are down in the hold of the ship. But they'll soon come upon deck, we are sure.

There will be a meeting on board ship if a few of the sailors will insist on talking after the attendance bell rings. Our captain thinks that everything should be in ship-shape at that time. But a few of the mutineers are of different opinions which cause quite a few sessions after 2:45. They aren't parties either.

All the members of Crosby's room were glad to welcome Wilbur Wallace back to school from the hospital where he underwent an operation for mastoid.

WEATHER:—Snow, rain, hail and sleet are coming and so is Christmas.

Big Robbery in Collins Room

Money is taken mysteriously from student's desk.

The great amount of two cents was taken from Dolores Art's desk. She is still on the lookout for the thief.

We cannot imagine who took the money unless it was Madeline Barnwell, who had a letter in school that same day and was just hoping she had two cents to mail that letter.

The letter was mailed that day.

Collins

Arrival and Departure

Virgina Knowles, one of our class mates has returned from her sojourn in Southern climate. We are very glad to have her with us again.

Elizabeth Quattlebaum, a member of our homeroom and other organizations in our school, has left school. We hated to lose Elizabeth, but maybe she'll change her mind and come back next year.

—Becker.

Cops To Quell Disturbance

Due to constant uproar in our room it was necessary to appoint six policemen to keep law and order.

—Snyder

The Forumette

Published every now and then, here and there, for some reason or other, by someone or other.

Editors—Jean Howell
John Ritzenthaler

Reporters

William Campbell
Angela Speranza
Frank Anderson
Jean Starling
Abramham Chaskie
Mary Margaret Lattin
Melvin Kinsley
Virginia Schryver
Jeffrey Livingstone
Dorothy Sherrick
Donnell Charles
Angelina Di Franza
Gordon Coventry
Mary Gavalas
James Caton
Helen Boyer
Jack Zuidema
Elizabeth Gooding
James De Lange

About this time of the year we begin to think and feel that, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken." As our school year draws to a close, there is only one better thought that comes to the Seniors at this time and that is the thought that we have reached the parting of ways. The Seniors graduate—while the Juniors move up and take their place. For the most of us, our High School days will be only a memory that will linger on,—having some events that will never fade from our memory.

Becker

Editorial: "On Absolving Oneself From School".

This is notably fast becoming one of the leading not-indoor sports. Now, we all know that our teacher* hates to ask us for excuses from home, so we have never harassed our beloved mistress by forcing upon her this heart-rending obligation, inasmuch as none, no not one of us ever skipt school to go anywhere (?)*

*—this means uh-huh, or A-men, or words to that effect.

Pierce

Ye Ed thinks the Stein Song is all wet, and seconds Mr. Fritz Madden's song dedicated to Rudy Vallee.

"What a Wonderful Mother
You Would Have
Made."

Ye Ed also suggests that such national heros should be retired on a pension.

Zimmerman

A hick town is any place smaller than the one you live in.

Interpretation of Exam Marks

100—A miracle happened.
95-90—Sat near a pupil with the above mark, or was born bright.
90-85—Knew what was on test paper before-hand or had an answer book hidden.
85-80—Studied all year.
80-75—90% paper in view or earned it which is unlikely.
75-65—Spent three full hours on the test so the teacher threw in 5%.
65-50—Very poor eyesight.

A. Chaskie, '32

NEWS FROM "THE FORUMETTE" FIELD

Ransomville News Items

Ransomville — "Mysterious Mose" Knatler, that well known curly headed Albino has just returned from the homeland with a new smoky joke.

Ransomville—"Jim" O'Grady, the man who found the lost chord, is now famous as baseball manager. We know you all like his work.

Ransomville—"Bill" Long was arrested for attempted murder when he drew an automatic pistol and threatened to blow up the room.

Ransomville—Among other things, Earl Greenman is in this home room.

Ransom

Last Will and Testament Made

Ours is a room for people who want to begin public speaking for we're experts at talking, I hope we are not taking away Miss Scagel's business (?)

"Milly" Rudnick has just been to the lawyer's and she has made out her will but she didn't have anyone to leave her books to so anyone desiring to have them call on "Milly" at any time convenient to you.

We have several people on the Honor Roll with Eleanor Stockwell at the head of the home room list.

Our company is selling out now for the summer vacation but will be back in September after our tour is over.

Stewart

Wheadrickan Whispers

Frank McGonigle reaches a new high level. This time it is ninety-five. It makes us feel very good to know that this room contains some brains.

There have been several pupils in this room who have been studying the blackboards intently for a few days. The reason for this study you probably know. If you don't, ask Miss Wheadrick.

Sir Richard Hill had a little argument with the Hon. Uschold. They finally resorted to fists and a few hours later on, waking up, Sir Hill agreed with the Hon. Uschold.

A near fatality occurred one day. John Gurski was driving his limousine along Walnut street. The street had been oiled and was very slippery. Gurski's car skidded and hit a post. The occupants who were Sharpe, Jones, Bistoff, Few, Hesch and Liscombe were bruised slightly.

Wheadrick

GREAT CAESAR MERGER

Becker-Ransom Anti-Trust Act May Balk Plans

"Bob" Cruser and "Jim" Brennan have "incorpalated" in the idea of doing Caesar homework.

Gene Russell thinks they ring the tardy bell before he gets here just to let the teachers know he is coming and to get things ready.

The Crosby homeroom wish the "grads" loads of success.

Crosby

PERSONALS

In our class honors of 1930, Shanette Goggin has third highest and Lorraine Sinclair has fourth. The standard they have reached is remarkable. I am sure many of us envy them.

Margaret Moran and Mildred Crosby had parts in the play "Coral Beads" presented before our Easter vacation.

Thelma Shardon and Elizabeth Shearston had parts in the play "Suppressed Desire". It was a very clever play and both of them did splendidly.

One of the events most looked for each year is our Senior play. This year Anna Katherine Wendel had the lead, others in the cast from our homeroom were: Shanette Goggin, Adeline Bolton and Ruth Zuidema. A great deal of talent was displayed in the presentation of "The Pasty".

Our Honor Roll is another record we are proud to have. "Beautiful but Dumb" does not apply to our homeroom. We have on the roll! Kelley, Lules, Le Bar, Urtel, Sinclair, Goggin, Zook, Drier, Scapelletti, Goodnick, Ryan, D. Abbot, A. Abbott, Bolton, Kinzly, Montroy, Sherrick, Speranza and West.

The Talkers Union has shown a steady increase. Our leading members are: Norris, Shaeffer, D. Long, A. Benziger, Bowmiller, Conrad, Noble, L. Johnson, Sinclair and Goggin. Helen Conrad talks a great deal but she usually has something to talk about. Miss Becker is the prosecutor.

Becker

Several of our members (most of them in fact) have been keeping company with Mr. Zimmerman in nightly after school sessions.

Zimmerman

Jimmy Dickie bestowed an honor on our room by playing a bassoon solo over station W. G. R. We hope to see Jimmy in a great orchestra some day.

Jim Woods left school for no good reason at all.

We ran out of feed so the office canary doesn't visit our rooms as often as she used to.

Snyder

Mary Pusateri has met with an accident. She sprained her ankle while jumping over a fence on May 31, 1930.

Collins

Ruth Crosby has just returned from a trip in Washington, D. C., and she brought a necklace to her intimate friend (?) Dorothy Shipley.

Dorothy Ludeman has returned to school after a long absence but she didn't go to Florida.

Stewart

We wish to congratulate Stella Karlak, Rachel Flagler, Adelia Taylor, Mary Furbish and Ester Davis who are on the Honor Roll.

We also extend our congratulations to Annabeth Williams and Jean Starling who won prizes in the essay contest on "The Advantages of the Building and Loan Association."

Driscoll

ADVICE TO THE SENSE-LORN

By

MISS HELPEM

Need Help?

Is your Radio working?
Do the boys slight you?
Is your eczema worse?
If anything goes wrong write to Miss Helpem and see what good it does.

Miss P. L. Writes,

I have been annoyed by the presence of intoxicated people in our neighborhood and have at last come to the conclusion that a speakeasy is only a few doors away. What shall I do?

Ans.—Knock three times and ask for Pete.

Miss A. R. M. writes,

I have been fond of a boy and was certain that he was fond of me but now he has turned me down. I don't sing, chew, breathe, eat or play kissing games. What has happened to him?

Ans.—Maybe he has been left in a draft. Be sure to hang him in a warm room and always keep fresh water in his cage.

Miss R. M. writes,

Please tell me the meaning of dfxkyc and use it in a sentence.

Ans.—Dfxkyc means congratulations. Used in a sentence as follows: You dfxhyc, how dare you come to class without your Algebra?

Hopkins

There was a young lady named Burke
Who always went out with a turk
Now the Turk's name is pete
And he works in the street
So she always goes by with a smirk.

John Kress, '32

Reynoldston Students Well Represented on Last Honor Roll

Star—Lost, Strayed, or Stolen

In the first place, we are very proud of Room 135 because it has graciously consented to glorify the Honor Roll by sending in the names of E. Calvos, H. Boye, J. Olah, A. Blackmore, G. Kolbow, and an extra guess.

But wait, what is this!

Reports have come in lately bearing the startling news that once upon a time Shirley Morningstar was really a naughty, little star which strayed from Mother Star with the idea of going to school. But there's something wrong with this idea because S. Morningstar is seldom seen in school. We are thinking, possibly that Mother Star is getting her forces ready to regain back her long lost child.

Of course you all know that J. Scotch came from a secluded spot of the Hawaiian Islands, and for this as a basis, you can't blame her for snubbing the long dress style and maintaining a certain one all of her very own.

Reynolds

Lengthening Days

The sun of June is riding high
In joyous blue of summer sky;
It is a world of life and light,
When day holds scepter over night.
Sunset and dawning almost meet,
And Heaven Comes down the earth to greet.
Now, crowned with blessing evermore
The fleeting, lengthening days are O'er.

Collins

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

Pierce's Proteges

Sports and sports, all sorts: We are able to count ourselves for possessing the best aggregation of assorted sportsman and athletes outside of Albright Art Gallery or Niagara County Jail. F'rinstance, we have on the varsity baseball team the two best twirlers, Clem Niland and Don Richards; also, on the same team, Ronnie Baldwin and that beautiful blonde Dix, the latter having proven himself mightily potent of arm and leg by driving out a homer against Niagara Falls and a triple against Bennett. Our promising homeroom team is under the management of Roy Hausauer, well known among sporting circles.

Due to all sorts of ill omens working against us, the homeroom team lost to Miss Ransom's room somewhat.

Snyder's Sportsmen

On the Track Team we have three representatives, each one having won his letter for the first time in the meet with the Falls. The three proud men (?) are; Barnard, Gooding and Hilderman. We too are proud of them and wish them as much success in the future. We also have 2 varsity baseball players; E. Baldwin, and "Hank" Anderson.

In Inter-Class Baseball our boys have won their first victory and are looking forward to their second. Conley is our Manager and Higgs our Captain by popular vote.

Wheadrick's Wards

The baseball team of Miss Wheadrick's homeroom swung into action on May 15. The opponents were from Miss Cox's room. The score at the end of this game was fourteen and five. There is no need to tell you who won. The rooms that we will play in the future are Mr. Travis', Miss Crosby's, Mr. Muller's and Mr. Zimmerman's. These teams are no set-ups and we expect quite a tussle before we win the league. The members who are on this baseball team and who expect to get their homeroom letters are Manager Gavalas, Davis, Captain Gaylord, Cowper, Diemert, Lewis, Covell and Hill.

We have a representative on the varsity baseball team. He is "Buddy" Simmons who is the smallest boy in our room. If at anytime anything goes wrong with Baldwin, "Buddy" is right there to take up the catching position.

We have a pretty tough homeroom track team, but it can't seem to get started. The tracksters on this team are Lewis, Retallick, Davis and Gurski who were under the Captainship of Reeves Wood. Wood, Gurski and Lewis also went out for varsity track and are getting valuable experience which will help them next year.

The home room letters will be awarded at a final meeting of the home room. The letters in basketball, track and baseball will be awarded by Mr. McCabe.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Wanted—By Dan Hoval some Brilliantine to apply to his hair so he won't look like the old boy who carries the pitch fork.

Wanted—By Jane Zook the able assistance of the Forestry Department to take action against the forest fires because she is afraid they will destroy the "Wood".

Wanted—By Rev. Oldham an enlargement of the race track at the New Grounds to lessen the danger of his bumping into the back of his own car when hitting on all four cylinders.

Wanted—By "Brad" Fitz-Gerald several volunteers to dig worms for him to feed to the fishes when crossing the ocean, otherwise he may feel compelled to share his "eats" with them.

Wanted—By John Ritzenthaler a package of "Old Reliable" to be taken frequently and in large doses.

Found and Lost

Lost—Two one dollar bills in or around L. H. S. The finder may send the first dollar bill he finds to Welch and retain possession of the the second dollar bill, if he finds it.

Found—A Geometry lesson. After glancing over the work, the finder decided the owner wouldn't get any credit, so threw preparation away. Owner need not apply.

Lost—I dreamed last night that I lost one hundred thousand, four hundred and six dollars and fifty-nine cents. Will be satisfied if I get back the fifty-nine cents. Phone Gene R. 1653298W if found.

Lost—One geometry book by R. Dean. Will the finder please burn the book or destroy it by some other means.

Lost—Some sense from the head of H. Welch. A large reward will be offered to the person who has possession of this sense if he will not return them as they were not of any use.

Found—A wad of chewing gum by W. Duncan. The owner may secure the gum by indentifying it and slipping a reward to Duncan.

Found—A new wise-crack by Rich. Will the owner Rettallack please apply for it as it particularly applies to him.

Lost—The temper of E. Clifford. If found please return to him. You will receive the thanks of this room and probably a reward.

Wanted—Some to help me distinguish between participles Gerunds and Infinitives by use. Must have had some experience. Apply Edith D. Rosenthal, 18 Freshman Alley.

Lost—Head over boys by Louella McCormick.

Found—Some light on the subject of Arithmetic by Norma Lines.

ADS. Kenny Lockner wants to sell his present set of false teeth in order to buy a new used car offered for sale by the Rev. Oldham, painted blue with one-third flat tire. (The original ed. wishes to insert here that this car has developed astonishin' tendencies toward enginitis or other hallucinations on the Lewiston road.)

Pierce

Ads (Con't)

Wanted: A wireless station established in this room before school, between Mary Furbish and Helen Frances Petty.

2% to make Stella Karlak, 100% on the Honor Roll.

Driscoll

Wanted—A few freshmen with a grain of intelligence.

For Sale—Plenty of old gum and gum paper.

For Rent—A good freshman study hall.

Zimmerman

Poetry

If you would enter the Hall of Fame
Shoot a man from the U. of Maine.

A man who always sings the Stein Song
His name is, guess? You can't go wrong.

Zimmerman

There was a young lady named Jean.
A brighter young girl ne'er was seen.
She curled up in a nook,
Many hours with a book.
It is study that makes her so keen.

Dolores F. Rehrer, '32

There once was a young man upon Morrow
Who thought some new kilts he would borrow
One thing about these
They won't bag at the knees
Said this bright-eyed young man upon Morrow.

A Bedtime Story

One day the Taylor started to walk around (Strick) land. At length she beheld the Baker, whose cart was held fast by the Meyer. She hurried after Floyd and Dickie to help. They were in Leonard's yard playing with the Swing. The reserve party was joined by T(h)om(pson), who however, had a toothache in one Mo(a)lar. In vain they tried to make the cart Mount from the Meyers. They made such a Ro(ggo)w that the horse became frightened and they had to Pettit.

The Baker would Keep saying, "Have a Hartman!" as she wiped the perspiration from hen Brau(er).

At last, bringing hay from the nearby (Hen)rick, they cried, "I Bet(zler) this will help!"

After feeding some to the horse and putting a great deal around the wheels, they succeeded in starting the Baker on her way, rejoicing that this trouble had cost no Do(ty).

Jokes

Weary Willy Sez:

When a doctor is ill and another doctor doctors the doctor, does the doctor's doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor wants to be doctored or does the doctor doctor the doctor the way he wants to doctor the doctor?

Catherine Long (reading sign over ticket office): "Oh! Howard, it says, "Entire Balcony, 35 cents," Let's get it so we can be alone."

HOME ROOM HUMOR

Automobile Salesman: "And is there anything else that I can show you about the model?"

Irene Thomas: "Yes, please tell me how to turn on the radiator if the car gets cold."

A modern girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.

Young—(to operator) Give me 32 plus 6 minus 20 multiplied by 2 and divided by 3 and make it snappy.

Weldon Hinch says—"A college boy is one who spends half of his time trying to make his work lighter and the other half trying to make his lighter work."

Bill Spalding—"Everytime I breathe a man dies."

Skellan—"You might try Listerine."

Ode to "Bud" Groff

Now I lay me down to rest,
Before I take tomorrow's test;
If I die before I wake,
Thank God I have no test to take.

Ransom

"Opless" 'arry suggests this column feature favorite quotations. We suggest.

It's never been done before.
After the rest go etc!
What if everybody did that.

Zimmerman

A Friend: "Doesn't it upset you when you run over a pedestrian?"

I. Shimer: "No, I've never hit one as big as that."

Minnie Sy: "Love is like old fashioned pies grandmother used to make—a little crust and a lot of applesauce."

Margaret Phillips: "Life is full of sharp contrasts. After the silent watches of the night, come the noisy alarm clocks of the morning."

Grace Anson once said: "Remember the steam kettle—though it's up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing."

Margaret Kerr: "I want an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman: "Morris?"

M. Kerr: "No, Nate."

Becker

Why "Kathy Healy" (looking very sleepy at times) sails in just in the nick of time and says, "I'm here, Miss Hausner!"

Heard aboard ship at almost any hour:

Say what you will, necking has done more to discourage tobacco chewing than a hundred years of reformers.

Messenger boy (with telegram) rings bell at 1:30 in the morning. "Does Mr. Upside live here?"

Feminine voice, wearily, "Yes, bring him in."

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JOKES

Reward of Reticence.—"But surely," cried Jean, "you didn't tell him straight out that you loved him?"

"Goodness, no," Mildred said calmly. "He had to squeeze it out of me."—*Buffalo News.*

Without Sauce.—Rastus—"Ef yo' says anything ter me Ah'll make yo' eat yo' words, man."

Exodus—"Chicken dumplings, hot biscuits, and watermelon."—*The Pathfinder.*

Shocking Example.—Reformer (to prostrated man)—"And so this is the work of rum, is it?"

Prostrated Man—"No, sir; this is the work of a banana-skin, sir."—*New Bedford Standard.*

Gentle Reminder. — Mother — "Mabel's young man has taken offense at something. Have you said anything to him?"

Father—"Not a word. I haven't seen him since I posted him the last quarter's gas account."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Free and Baptized.—"What is your religion?" the recruit was asked.

Promptly and smartly came the answer, "Militia, sir."

"No, no, I said 'religion.'"

"Oh, 'religion,' sir. I beg your pardon. I'm a plumber."—*Boston Transcript.*

Girl's Best Friend.—"Mama," said her little six-year-old daughter, "please button my dress."

"You will have to do it yourself, dear," was the reply. "Mother's too busy."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little girl. "I don't know what I'd do without myself."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Indeterminate Sentence.—An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much imprest by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor man," she sympathized, "what is the length of your term?"

"Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."—*Boston Transcript.*

What Mother Misses.—Passer-by—"What would your mother say, little boy, if she could hear you swear like that?"

Boy—"She'd be tickled to death if she could hear it."

Passer by—"How can you lie like that."

Boy—"That's no lie. She's stone deaf."—*Chicago Tribune.*

More'n Likely.—Dr. Edward L. Wharton, president of the New Jersey State Dental Society, predicted to-day that in a thousand years people may be born without teeth.—*New York Times.*

Me-a-i-a-aw!—Young Wife—"How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening."

Bosom Friend—"Yes. Your husband never was much addicted to pleasure."—*Sidmouth Observer.*

Easy Enough, Ask Einstein.—"Don't worry," advised the medico. "It's only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!"—*Army & Navy Journal.*

Guilty at Sight.—A criminal was recently arrested through a photograph sent by radio across the Atlantic. A man with a face resembling a wireless photograph of his face deserves to be arrested.

Soul of Tact.—A well-known speaker lectured to the members of a literary society, and at the end of his address the secretary approached him with a check. This he politely refused, saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose.

"Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "What is the special fund for?"

"To enable us to get better lecturers next year."—*Chicago News.*

Waiting for the Dinner Bell.—

RETAILERS WILL
EAT REGULARLY
TWICE A MONTH

—*Burlington (Kans.) Republican.*

Bargain Day.—Officer—"Flag of truce, Excellency."

His Excellency—"What do the revolutionists want?"

Officer—"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."—*Passing Show.*

Job for Nurmi.—"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jackrabbits.—*Arcanum Bulletin.*

Fingers Crossed.—He had risked his life to rescue the girl from a watery grave and, of course, her father was grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life-saver, "I am already married."—*Chicago News.*

Health Hint.—Old Hen—"Let me give you a piece of good advice."

Young Hen—"What is it?"

Old Hen—"An egg a day keeps the ax away."—*Capper's Weekly.*

The Needle, Watson!—Mother—"Tommy, the canary has disappeared."

Tommy—"That's funny. It was there just now when I tried to clean it with the vacuum-cleaner."—*Passing Show.*

Too Much Temperament.—Mother—"Why did you strike your little sister?"

Young Bobby—"Well, we were playing Adam and Eve, and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself."—*Vancouver Province.*

Mere Lotus Eater.—"What do you do?"

"I keep house, scrub, scour, bake, wash dishes, cook, do the laundry, iron, sew."

And the census-taker listed her: "Housewife—no occupation."—*Boston Transcript.*

Life Sentence.—Klumseigh obtained a job as packer in a china warehouse. On the third day he smashed a big vase. On pay-day he was called into the manager's office and was told that half his wages would be deducted each week until the vase was paid for.

"How much was the vase worth?" he asked anxiously.

"About $300," replied the manager.

"Hurrah!" shouted Klumseigh.

The manager stared. "Whatahell?"

"Well," said Klumseigh, "it looks as if I've got a steady job at last."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Pass the Ouija Board.—
MAN SLAIN IN
BRAWL; CLAIMS
SELF-DEFENSE
—*Dallas Daily Times Herald.*

Better Than a Medal.—
JURY AWARDS $1,200
TO WOMAN FOR KILLING
OF HUSBAND.

Also Who Does Hartford Conn?—
How much did Philadelphia Pa?
How much does Columbus O?
How many eggs did Louisiana La?
What grass did Joplin Mo?
We call Minneapolis Minn,
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why,
Perhaps Topeka Kan. Two bells.
—*The Log.*

Amateur Lawyer. Penitent—"I have stolen a fat goose from a poultry yard!"

Priest—"That is very wrong."

Penitent—"Would you like to accept it, father?"

Priest—"Certainly I will not receive stolen goods—return it to the man from whom you stole it."

Penitent—"But I have offered it to him and he won't have it."

Priest—"In that case you may keep it yourself."

Penitent—"Thank you, father."

The priest arrived home to find one of his own geese stolen.—*Hummel (Hamburg).*

Miss: Something smart in a motoring coat to be worn in a roadster in all kinds of weather.

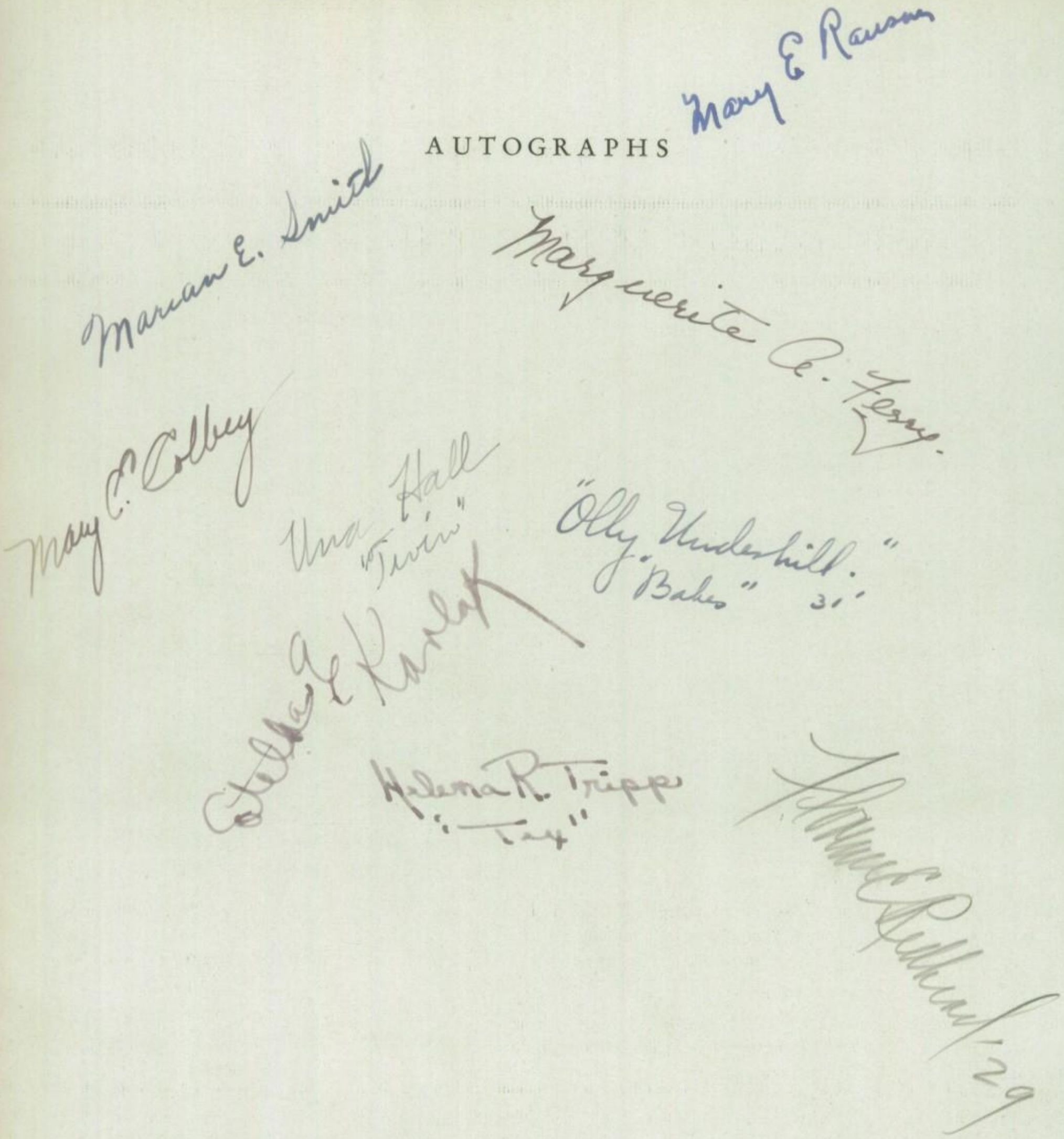
Clerk: Just the thing, Miss, slip this on.

Miss: Can this be worn in the rain without hurting it?

Clerk: Miss, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?

First Motorist: Where's the handle to this car door anyhow?

Second Motorist: Under the ninth pennant from the rear.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Marguerite C. Ferry.
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A Scotch Indian

This particular Scot stepped into a telegraph office and picked up one of the blanks.

"How much," he asked, "to telegraph to Chicago?"

"A wire to Chicago," responded the clerk, "will cost you five cents a word for ten words. There is no charge for the signature."

The Scot looked musingly at the clerk and repeated "There will be no charge for the signature?"

When the clerk nodded in agreement, the Scot said, "Well, suppose you just send my signature."

The clerk grinned, "All right, what's your name?"

Another pause on the part of the Scot, then he murmured: "I may not look it, but I'm an Indian. And my name is I-Won't-Be-Home-Till-Friday."

Teacher: Robert, if you are always very kind and polite to all your playmates, what will they think of you?

Robert: Some of them would think they could lick me.

Pete: I loved a girl. She made a fool of me.

John: Gee, what a lasting impression some girls make.

Said Gordon Stearns: Oh infinitesimal specimen of the porcine race, insert thy ignoble probocis in *terra firma* and upturn the foundations thereof, or else depart this mortal existence . . . . we say root, little pig, or die.

Miss Alt: Just what is space?

Bill Campbell: Um-er, I have it in my head but I can't express it.

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Two Harvard Juniors were called before the dean for having been drunk at a college dance. "Young men," said the dean, "do you realize that you are not living up to Harvard's standard?"

"Well, sir," replied one of them, "we drank all we could."

Here lies an honest man and a good lawyer.

Paul Smith: Why should it be necessary to bury two men in the same grave?

Nothing is more enthusiastic, spontaneous, and unhampered by conventions than a tube of toothpaste erupting at the wrong end.

Jap: Shay, was I here thish morning?

Bob: Dunno, I didn't see you come in.

Jap: J' see me come in this time?

Bob: No.

Jap: Then how do you know I'm in?

Dor: Why are you running that roller over your field?

Bunny: I'm going to raise a crop of mashed potatoes this fall.

The real trouble with our youth today is that they were out too late last night.

Mary Van: What's the shape of a kiss?

Weldon: Give me one and I'll call it square.

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THE UNION-SUN & JOURNAL

Miss Wilson (Discussing our dependence upon other people for food, etc.): You'd be surprised how many hands and feet are mixed up in a loaf of bread.

Loretta: Is Braden a very particular editor?

Ruth: He raves even if you get a period upside down.

Tony: I'm going to kiss you. (No answer.)

Tony (Louder): I'm going to kiss you. (No answer.)

Tony: Say, are you deaf?

Patsy: No, but you're dumb.

"Ah ha!" cried George Day, "the case grows more complex—this window is broken on both sides."

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The Most Modern Soda Fountain
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Estelle (in beauty parlor): Here, Joe. Arrange my hair for me and I'll be back for it in an hour.

Then there's the "absent-minded" professor who kissed the good-looking student and passed his wife.

Heard in the Corridor:

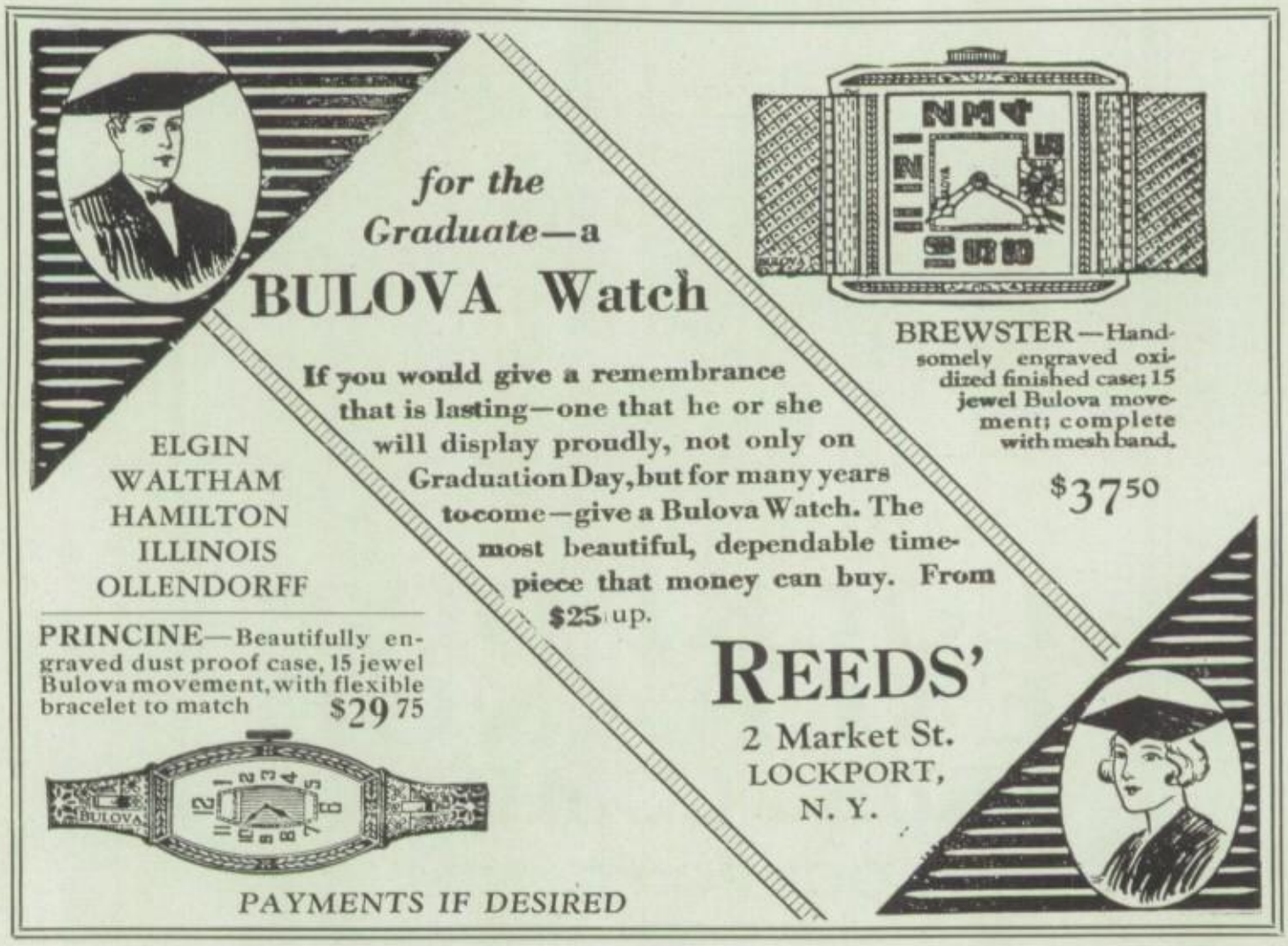
Billy Hilderman: Gee, I had a terrible accident today. I had my eye on that seat and somebody sat on it.

Willing to Advise

The customer had waited half an hour for the fish he had ordered. At last the waiter appeared.

"Your fish will be here in five minutes," he said.

Another quarter of an hour passed, and then the customer summoned the waiter. "Say," he inquired, "what kind of bait are you using?"—*The Continent (Chicago)*.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Frequently

Up in Watertown the other day one of the "test" questions in a class at school was "What is Mars?" One of the answers was "Mars is the scratches you get on the parlor furniture."—*New York Sun.*

———

Beulah (watching love scene in movie): Why don't you make love to me that way?

Bob: Say, do you know the salary he gets for doing that?

Earl G.: What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?

Baldwin: Give her the benefit of the doubt.

———

Miss Snyder: How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?

Carson B.: Neither. It's a calling.

———

Teacher: What do elephants have that no other animals have?

Harry: Little elephants.

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I'm a dreamer (aren't we all) for last night I dreamed you kised me and I was in Heaven when I saw your smiling Irish eyes. Is there any law against that?

I'm just a vagabond lover, I wanna be loved by you alone. You're mean to me and the man in the moon.

Sing a little love song to me, sweetheart of all my dreams and I will be satisfied and happy days will be here again.

I'm all by myself in the moonlight swinging on the garden gate saying "Good-night" to a loveable you.

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—*Exchange.*

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Suthers: Can you do any of the old-fashioned dances?

Rosemary: I think I remember the Charleston.

———

Just as Good

She: Oh, George, you've broken your promise!

The Cheerful One: Never mind, dearie, I'll make you another!

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Young Man: Here. Keep still. Put this half dollar in your pocket.

Small Brother: Here's a quarter change. One price to all—that's the way I do business.

If the boarding house in which you are staying has food that tastes like sawdust, be nonchalant—it's fine board you're getting.

Bill (on phone): Hello, darling, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?

Marguerite: I'd love it.

Bill: Then tell your mother I'll be over at 6 o'clock.

We heard recently about a poet who wrote about the "window in his soul," and wondered if he was any relation to the guy with the pain in his stomach.

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Ruth: I'm hungry.

Goat: What?

Ruth: I said I was hungry.

Goat: Sure, I'll turn on the radio, at first I thought you said you were hungry.

Head Librarian: Young man, we are about to close the desk, is there anything you would like to take out?

Frosh: Well, yes. How about the short one in the blue dress?

Willard M.: Where did you get that black eye?

Funny Fierch: Told the conductor I was travelling on my face and he punched the ticket.

C. Moore to J. Godfrey: How is it that you never take Frances to the theatre any more?

J. Godfrey: Well, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor.

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Joe M.: Were you satisfied with your visit to the Cascoveles Park?

Milt D.: Naw, they had run out of windshield stickers.

But Mornings! Oh Boy!—Young Man to drive a standard shift car. Must be careful driver from four o'clock in afternoon on.

This Is Service.—State highway patrolmen have been assigned to aid in holding up motorists.

Eastward the March of Gun-Play.—
25 PER CENT. OF CITY VOTERS
CAST BULLETS

Jimmy O.: Smith has just refused to lend me a five-spot. Did you think there were such mean people in the world?

Bill M.: Yes, I'm another like that myself."

Snappy Art.—Henry Peck—"Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Artist Schram—"My friend, I can make it so lifelike you'll jump every time you see it."

Tagged.—Frank—"I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart."

Hank—"That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet."—*Tiger.*

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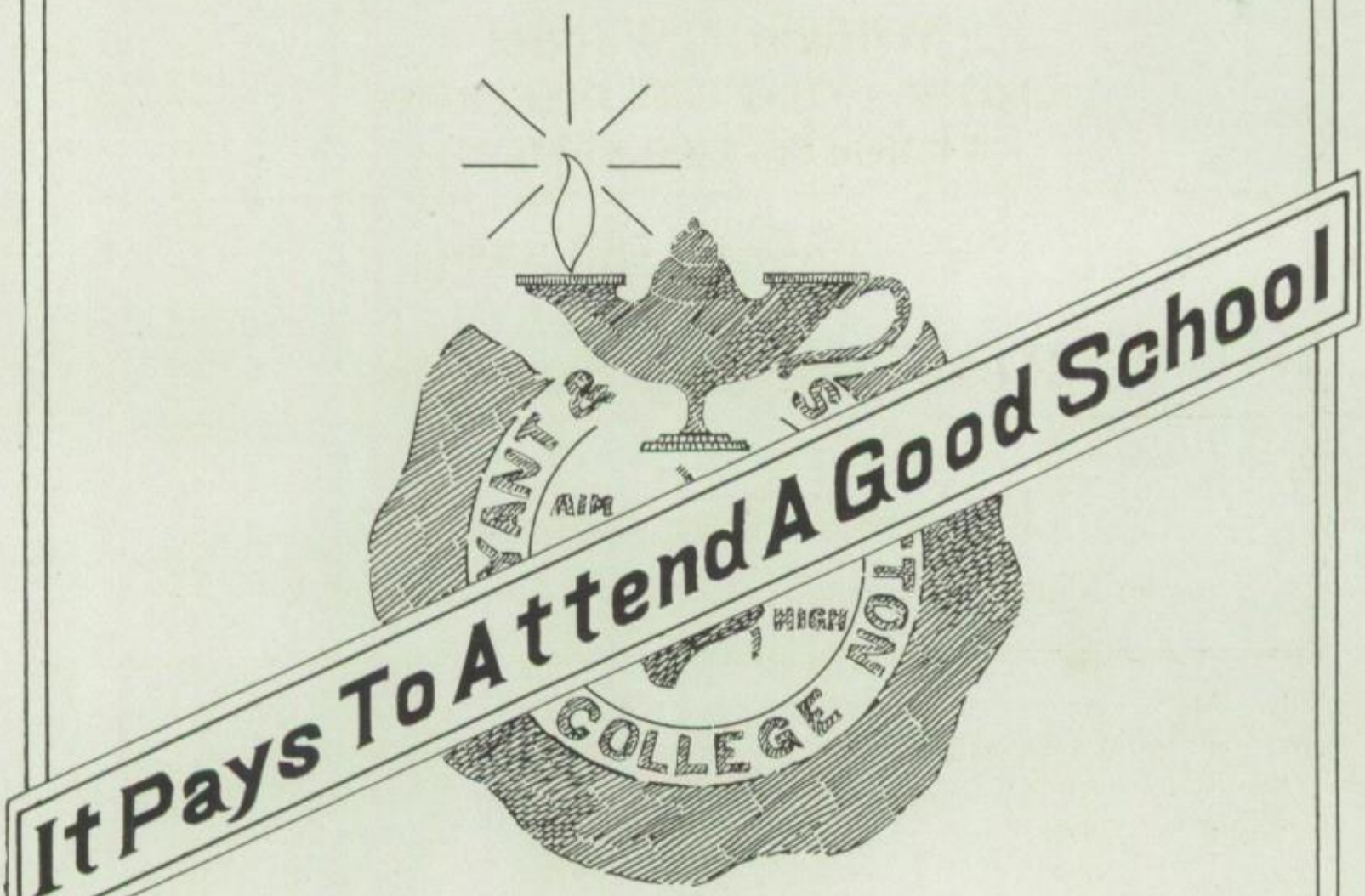
BUT, REMEMBER THESE THINGS :
QUALITY OF PREPARATION DETERMINES
THE QUANTITY OF SUCCESS



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The Coventry Bake Shop

Max Chaskie: What's stranger than a one-armed man winding his wrist watch?

Ed Baldwin: I fess up. Dunno.

Max: A glass eye at a key hole.

Adeleine: No, I cannot marry you!

Fancis (savagely): Oh, well there are others just as good.

Adeliene: Better, I accepted one of them yesterday!

Malcolm Young: Some of the fellows are going to organize a saxophone band to play at our next dance.

Pete Miller: Using home-groan talent, eh?

Shoeman: Well, here are your shoes all soled. Where's the money?

Scotchman: Yes, where is it? Your sign says, "Shoes soled while you wait for one dollar. I'm still waiting for that dollar."

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You mustn't drink at this dance.

I'm not drinking.

But you have your flask there.

I know. You gotta neck, too, but your not necking.

Oscar: Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream.

Waiter: Let him freeze and teach him a lesson. The little rascal was in the soup last night.

Freddy Springfield: What's that bump on your head?

Bob Long: A train of thought passed through and was wrecked.

"Say, Mister" said a little fellow to a next door neighbor, "are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma says to come and take them back."

Then there's the absentminded professor who threw himself out of the thirty-seventh story window while testing his lifetime pen.

Then there was the Mongolian who wore blue serge so he could save the lint to make pillows.

(Editor's note: We think the Scotch have been overworked.)

At The Prom

Onlooker: What a bump Bunny has on her ankle. She must have got hurt.

Looker-on: That's not a bump—that's car fare.

"After I'd sung my encore, I heard one of the gentlemen of the audience call out 'Fine! Fine!' "

"Dear me! And did you have to pay it?"

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THE LUCIELLE SHOPPE
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Therefore they only Clothe the Best
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Mr. Buckminister gave out the following hint to students:

"If you can't get your lesson in one hour, take two. If you can't get it in two, take three. If three is not sufficient, take cyanide.

Dentist: Do you use tooth paste?

Freddy Watkins: No, sir, my teeth aren't loose.

And our final objection to a thirteen month year, is that there would be one more bill and one more book.

Pete: Does this wind bother you?

Bunny: No; talk as much as you like.

Anxious to Please

Boss—Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?

Boy—No, thank you, sir, but I don't mind having an ice-cream cone.—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

"Och," says Ole Timer, "diss chazz iss just a lotta noise in a hurry."

"That was brutish," said Caesar as he felt the knife between his ribs.

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Our sympathy goes out to the scientest who bought a vacuum cleaner and then spent fifteen years looking for a dirty vacuum.

Joan: Why do you use green lipstick?

Jane: My boyfriend is a railroad man.

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Fred H.: Talk of experience. Out in Ohio I went to bed in a wooden house and woke up in a stone house.

Willard R.: Try me again.

Fred H.: Well, during the night the wind blew so hard it made the house rock.

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Jack: I'm going to kiss you till you yell, "Stop."

Jeanette: Well, I'm just as contrary as you are.

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"That is up to the pedestrian—a big one stops her in about a foot, but an undersized one is dragged quite a distance."

Son: I paid three hundred for my sax.

Father: That's too much money to blow in.

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The rain is raining all around;
It rains on roads and streets,
On highways and on boulevards,
And those in rumble seats.

—*Judge.*

Prof. Evans: Did you cut your metallography yesterday?

Madden: No, sir, I did that playing football.

Sandy doesn't play his approach shots right.

I know, but he just hates to chip in.

He: Why are so many men going to the Hawaiian Islands this summer?

Him: I dunno! The grass crop was a total failure.

What kind of a car has Ren?

Well, he'd feel tremendously flattered *if you called it second hand.*

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Unobservant Shopwalker (languidly)—"Beautiful, isn't it? Pay at the desk, please."

All Stocked Up.—Author—"Can I sell you a scenario?"

Movie Producer—"G'wan, we've had a scenario for years."

He Stood the Racket.—Another mighty nice thing about Old Dobbin was that his value didn't depreciate about 25 per cent. after he had been driven three or four months.

Appeal for Justice. — Mother—"Come, Freddie, and kiss your Aunt Martha."

Freddie—"Why, Ma, I ain't done nuthin!"

Expert Criticism.—
ST. LAWRENCE CANAL
RIDICULED BY FISH

Calling the Kettle Black?—
BUSINESS WOMEN
HEAR STOVE TALK

Howling Philosopher.—Fond father—"Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you shouldn't cry."

Tommy — "What's—crying—for—then?"

Don't Weaken.—Julia—"Do you think it's unlucky to postpone a wedding?"

Frank—"Not if you keep on doing it."

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Special 35c Plate Dinner, 11:30 to 2

TAKE HOME A SALAD HOME MADE PIES AND CAKES

Open till 12 M

Not for Pleasure.—Wifey—"I'm going up-town this afternoon."

Hubby—"Shopping?"

"No, I won't have time. I just want to get some things I need."—*Capper's Weekly.*

———

Vernon Landry: I started out on the theory that the world has an opening for me.

How. Covell: And you found it?

Landry: Well rather, I'm in the hole now.

Barber: Haven't I shaved you before, sir?

Yegg: No, I got these scars in France.

———

Isabella R.: What is a personal foul?

Fred McNall: That is a person who sleeps in the chicken house.

———

Hen: I bet on a chicken fight last night.

Peck: How did you come out?

Hen: I lost on a fowl.

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And a Little Prayer Wouldn't Hurt.

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Potent Remedy.—

Farmer Shot By Wife
Reported Improved

Mutual Emotion.—Mistress (discovering butler helping himself from cellarette)—"Robert, I am surprised."

Butler—"So am I, ma'am. I thought you was out."

Done Brown.—

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Trouble Brewing.—Wanted — Undertaker in oil-boom town, Pettus: business will be good in ten days; get in now. Pettus Townsite Co., Pettus, Texas.

Slips That Pass In The Night

Intact.—Mrs. Fred W—of Fayette Street is all at her home.—*Quincy (Mass.)*

Give It a Name.—Poor Golfer—"Well, how do you like my game?"

Caddy—"I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."*Montreal Star.*

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"Ted" Smith: I am always ill the night before a journey.

"Bill" Foster: Then why don't you go a day earlier?

Bunny: How did you like the party, Goat?

Goat: Awful! You said I could eat as much as I liked, and I couldn't.

Long: I took in the show last night.

Staub: What did they have?

Long: Educated flees.

Staub: How were they?

Long: Fine. I took the leading lady home.

She had done everything wrong. She had disregarded the signal lights, then stalled in the middle of the street, and before starting had taken out her powder puff and started to apply it to her face. An irate traffic cop rushed up: "Say, lady, do you know anything at all about traffic rules?"

"Why, yes, what is it that you want to know?"

Probably the laziest man in the world is the motorist who waited all day in Kansas for a cyclone to blow up a flat tire.

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Display Becomes Utility.—Tokyo.—Official announcement was made today of the approaching marriage of Prince Takamatsu, younger brother of the Emperor, to Kikuko Tokugawa, granddaughter of the last of the Shotguns.

What's Needed.—"At noon here today," says a Bishop's journal, "the Methodist chimes played in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of Prohibition. They began with that good old hymn, 'Revive us again.'"

Quo Vadis?—Policeman (to motorist who nearly collided)—"Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?"

Motorist—"I always do, when I find out which half of the road she wants."

Food for He-Men.—
PORK CHOPS
Cut From Small Lean Lions

Help Yourself.—Doctors say there is a considerable amount of chicken-pox available among children in town.

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1934

Hello Baby,

If I had a talking picture of you, honey, I'd have a little kiss each morning and a little kiss each night. I've got a feeling I'm falling for someone like you, dream of my heart. Baby oh where can you be? I've looked the whole world over and there will never be another you.

When I see the sweet-hearts on parade, am I blue? Lover come back to me when I'm in Avalon town.

Was it a dream underneath the Carolina moon, when you sang the Pagan love song and tiptoed through the tulips with me?

There was a rainbow around our shoulders when we were singing in the rain down among the sugar cane. Why not now?

Should I come back on the dream train to a precious little thing called Love, after spending many lonely nights in Hawaii?

O'Rielly: There's a lot of lame verse in this book.

Miss Fancher: Well, what do you expect in limp leather?

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Human Barbed-Wire.—"What have you in the way of a drink?"

"Three policeman and a Federal agent."—*Bean Pot.*

Surviving a Panic.—"The scene beggared description."

"Never mind," said the editor, "borrow a few adjectives and go on with it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mother: What's the trouble, darling?

Betty: Those children want to play cannibal and I'm the fattest one in the crowd.

Frank: How long can a man remain unconscious and still live?

Marg.: How old are you?

E. J. EMMENDORFER
Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutter
15 LOCUST ST., Call 465, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

Haughty Lady (entering seafood market): My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please.

Fish Man: Yes, ma'am, shall I wrap them up?

Haughty Lady: I think you had better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home.

Best Man: I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.

Bachelor: How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!

Best Man: The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.

Friends of Silence.—By means of a new local anesthetic, patients may listen-in to radio while undergoing a surgical operation. Some, however, firmly demand chloroform.—*London Opinion.*

Sweet Tooth.—Tramp—"Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give a poor man who hasn't had a bite to eat for two days?"

Lady—"Cake? Isn't bread good enough for you?"

Tramp—"Ordinarily, yes, ma'am, but this is my birthday."—*Pitt Panther.*

Intelligence Test for Sophomores

By Professor Amos Zilch of

Vodka College

1. George is 3 years older than Frank. Both John and Albert are younger than Herbert, who is twice as old as Frank's younger brother Harry. The combined ages of the three mentioned lack 4 years of the age of Elmer, John's father's nephew. How old is Floyd?

Ans. 3.1416

2. A crazy accountant has a field 400 rods square. He digs a ditch 4 feet wide along the outside and fills it with gravel. Then he builds a brick wall 6 inches beyond the outside of the ditch. Four trees are planted at right angles with each other in various parts of the field. Next he builds a fence exactly 2 feet higher than the second tree extending almost to the edge of the ditch. Then he climbs the fence and throws mud-pies at the boys in the neighboring field. Why does he do this?

Ans. Because he is crazy.

3. Seven college men wish to cross a river 2 miles wide. They have one boat which leaks, but which will carry one man one mile, two men ¾ of a mile and three men 469 feet. None of the men smoke nor do they care to associate with girls working their way thru school. One of the men is as heavy as two men, another as heavy as half a man and a third as heavy as hell. When will the bell ring at lighthouse B?

Ans. See PARADISE LOST by John Milton.

4. Mr. A. has an auto which will go 56 miles per hour. Mr. B. has one which will go 78 miles per hour. Both of these men want to cover the distance between the town X and Fredonia. Mr. A. starts at 6 o'clock in the morning and Mr. B. starts at 8 o'clock. Both leave their cars in the garage and take the train? How many eggs will the second hat hold?

Ans. One dozen plain; 3 dozen scrambled.

5. Esther wants to make a dress. She needs 34 yards of goods and can only spend 50c. Gingham is 60c per yard; silk 90c; lace 56c and isinglass 10c. Mary must use 25c of her 50c to pay for shears, thread, a sewing machine and her tuition at college. When will the two trains pass each other?

Ans. Probably the night before Christmas.

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